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CHRONICLE

Home News.—Preparedness is still holding the attention of Congress and the people at large. Two Bills bearing on the subject have passed the House of Representatives: the first gives each member of Congress the right of appointing three instead of two midshipmen;

Preparedness the second appropriates \$100,000 for improvements in the New York Navy Yard, and \$500,000 for further equipment to the Mare Island Yard at San Francisco. Moreover, Senator McCumber has introduced a Bill authorizing the Secretary of War to prepare unused Military Posts for the use of high school students who desire to undergo military training during the summer months. This plan is endorsed by the Secretary of the Interior, who has also taken occasion to praise the military training given to willing and competent high school boys in Wyoming. Just how efficient this latter training is, it is hard to say. There is an abundance of exercise connected with it; from September till January there is practice in climbing and calisthenics; from January to March, military problems together with the military history of the United States are studied; from March till the second week in May, there are infantry drills, target practice and field firing competitions; the rest of the school year is taken up with camp problems, competitive drills, etc. Then follows camp for fourteen days; during this time there are lessons in sanitation, cooking, scouting, etc. The system has been approved by Major-General Wood, and its extension to all the States is advocated by many prominent people who hope thereby to see an army developed without the introduction of militarism and barracks morality.

The attempt to poison the guests at a dinner given in

the University Club, Chicago, in honor of Archbishop Mundelein set the police on the trail of a band of anarchists, supposedly fifteen in number,

The Chicago Poison Case

with the result that a well-formed plot to poison prominent people and to destroy churches and other public buildings has been discovered. Letters have been seized, outlining the plan of destruction; the buildings that were to be wrecked are mentioned, and the nature of the bombs to be used is described. One kind of bomb is called "fit for a crowd coming out of a church"; of a second kind it is said: "It will send priests and such people high in the air." All suspected of complicity in the wider plot are Italians, except one, viz.: Jean Crones, an Alsatian, who is also the man accused of putting the poison in the food served to the guests at the Archbishop's dinner. According to the chemists the soup served contained 4.81 grains of arsenic to the pint, and a trace of copper. As is usual in such cases the papers are printing letters presumably written by the culprit. In the present instance it must be admitted that both intrinsic and extrinsic evidence make for the authenticity of the communications, though of course there is always a margin of doubt. In the first letter Crones gives a brief account of his diabolical work stating laconically:

As I love Science I hate Religion and as I have seen the menu for that Diner 12 days before I thought that it was a sanitary thing to make a good clean up. And I started right away to work. I worked till late in the night every day and I prepared the poisons but the most hat a bitter taste. Later I agreed for Arsenic and Barium Chloride.

In a second communication the writer gives this reason for his crime:

Why I did it!

While at Europe millions of Christians are slaughtering each other in the most bloodk massacre, and in these free coun-

try thousands of men and women are tramping the streets without food and shelter at the very same time the Church holds dinners and pays 15 6 for each cover which starts with Beluga Caviar and Champagne, the same money which was begard from poor working men and women the same money were the blood of poor workers has run for.

Those conditions are an scandal. That is the failure of Christianity an insult toward honesty and a Challenge to Humanity Let the Church answer those my charges toward the World and I schall stand for the charges made against me.

Positive proof that these letters were written by Crones is not forthcoming, but by whomsoever written, they are valuable as showing the working of passion-inflamed souls of anarchists.

The War.—The capture of about a half-mile of British trenches near Ypres is the only change reported on the west front. In Albania the Austrians have almost encircled Durazzo. In Armenia the

*Bulletin, Feb. 15,
p. m.-Feb. 21, a. m.*

Russians have landed large forces at Widje, east of Trebizond, and have captured Mush and Aklat. The Turks, however, have defeated the Russians in Persia, near Hamadan, and in Mesopotamia they have halted at Suk-el-Schuchuch a second British force which was marching to the relief of Kut-el-Amara. Elsewhere the situation at this writing remains unchanged.

The most important event of the week was the capture of Erzerum, the strong Turkish fortress, which was the bulwark of Armenia. The stronghold, which was

*The Russians
Take Erzerum*

very important for the defense of Turkish territory, consists of a line of fortifications that stretch for twenty-four miles along a ridge commanding all the important roads from the Caucasus. The Russians, who had previously, it seems, cut off communications between Erzerum and Trebizond, the Black Sea port, which was its principal base of supplies, advanced against Erzerum from three directions, attacking the Turks on both flanks and from the front. It was the frontal attack that finally carried the fortress, for according to reports from Petrograd, after five days of bitter fighting, the Russians stormed the whole line of fortifications at the point of the bayonet. Military critics are agreed that the victory is a very important one, not only on account of the great amount of guns, ammunition, and other stores that fell into Russian hands, and the large number of Turks captured, although it appears that the main part of the Turkish forces escaped, but also and principally because it opens the way to operations on an extended scale in Asia Minor, and is likely to have a serious effect on the Turkish movements in Persia and Mesopotamia.

The Lusitania incident still hangs fire. The Administration at Washington, it is said, has received from Germany a statement on the matter which is in every way acceptable to Mr. Lansing; but the notice sent recently to neutral powers of Berlin's intention to sink without

*The Submarine
Controversy*

warning merchant ships, armed for defense only, has interposed a bar to its acceptance. The German submarine program, which is to be inaugurated on March 1, is regarded as nullifying the assurances concerning the safety of non-combatants that were given to the United States after the sinking of the Arabic; and consequently the controversy is practically where it was months ago. Our Government soon after the outbreak of hostilities took the stand that it was legitimate and in accord with international law for merchant ships to arm for defense only; nor have we ever modified that position. On January 19, it is true, our Secretary, in the effort to secure more humane conditions for submarine warfare, suggested to the belligerent nations a formula, which involved concessions on both sides and proposed certain changes in hitherto accepted international principles; but in doing so he did not in any way commit the United States to the adoption of these changes in the event of their being rejected by the belligerents. It seems clear now that the formula will not be accepted by the belligerents; and from present indications the United States appears to be disposed to stand by its original position, and to regard the German note on the Lusitania as unsatisfactory, if not in its actual language, at least in the meaning it takes on from the recently declared submarine policy. Any radical modification in the attitude that Washington has up to the present maintained, aside from the fact that it would be made in the heat of conflict, would almost inevitably result in new controversies with other nations.

Austria-Hungary.—The passage through Austria-Hungary of the first Balkan Express to Constantinople, a short time since, was the occasion of universal jubilation. The event opened new vistas of prosperity for the country and is regarded as the beginning of an era of great commercial expansion. A railway communication between Austria and the Orient had existed previous to the war, but it was entirely at the mercy of the hostile Serbs, who are said to have rendered its proper use impracticable, so that it was of value only to the Entente Powers, or to Austria only in as far as France, Belgium, and Serbia could profit by it. Immediately upon the overthrow of Serbia the Teutonic Powers undertook the task of connecting Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, and Sofia with Constantinople. The latest devices of railroad engineering were employed, new tracks were laid, new bridges constructed and a new and perfect service was installed. The United States of Central Europe were no longer regarded as a dream or theory, but had become a reality. The way was now laid open to the Balkan countries, to Asia Minor and even to parts of Africa. The war is, therefore, said to have come as a "liberator" from the restrictions which had hemmed in the Dual Monarchy. "We should be foolish," the report reads, "did we not now utilize our opportunity and initiate at

*Opening New
Vistas*

once a policy of intercourse and commerce with the Balkans and the Orient. Even while the war continues we must keep this end in view and enter upon the road that leads to it." The practical realization of the commercial union of Central Europe and of the economic league with Germany is earnestly urged upon the people.

Canada.—The present sessions of Parliament will be largely engaged in the discussion of questions of finance. In his annual budget speech, Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance, stated that the Gov-

A New War Loan ernment has already borrowed one hundred and fifty million dollars. From the beginning of the war until January 1 of the present year, Canada's war expenditures, on a basis of one hundred and fifty thousand troops, have been in excess of the sum borrowed; but with two hundred and fifty thousand troops added, and half a million authorized, it is thought that the Minister will ask for a grant of two hundred and fifty million dollars. Happily the harvests proved the greatest in the history of the Dominion, and the first ill effects of the war upon trade and commerce have passed away. According to the Minister of Finance, the revival in business, other than that of enterprises engaging in munition works, is very marked. A favorable balance of two hundred million dollars is indicated for the fiscal year, and the aggregate trade will reach a total never before attained in the Dominion.

France.—M. Painlevé, Minister of Public Instruction, has reorganized the school libraries. The *Paris Temps* gives a résumé of the Minister's new regulations and finds them sound and practical. Not

School Libraries so *La Croix*, which justly criticizes many of the rulings and the dangerous spirit in which they were made. The Ministerial decree orders every public school to form and open a library. At a time when the communes are taxed to the limit for the war, the order is looked upon as injudicious. The great Paris Catholic journal goes further and casts grave suspicion on the motives of the official act. M. Painlevé has taken every possible means to withdraw the libraries from the control of sound public opinion. For the selection of the books is to depend entirely on the action of the Library Committee. This Committee is to be composed of six members, the cantonal delegate, three citizens "chosen by the first three benefactors of the library and its most assiduous readers," the mayor and the district *instituteur* or school teacher. But the scheme is so cunningly arranged that the school teacher's proposal, selection and vetoing of books is practically imposed on the other members. *La Croix* acknowledges there are still many good Catholic teachers in France, but remembering how in the past hundreds of *instituteurs* only too eagerly followed the infidel and atheistic programs mapped out for them, adds that these libraries "will be anti-clerical libraries, instruments of an anti-

clerical propaganda, installed and kept up by the anti-clerical party in every commune in France." M. Painlevé allows gifts and donations in books to his libraries, but realizing that Catholic literature might thus gain admittance, he allows his Committee, i. e., the school-master, the privilege either of refusing those volumes not wanted, or of accepting and then selling them. *La Croix* bravely unmasks the secret workings of this odious "machine set up at every school-door" in France to attempt another assault on the faith and the morals of her children. The Ministerial Act is a poor reward for the heroic sacrifices French Catholics have made in the war.

Germany.—By an official act the Second Chamber of the Diet of Alsace-Lorraine has declared its loyalty to Germany. It protested energetically against the French declaration that the main object of the war is the reunion of Alsace-Lorraine with the French Republic.

The Overseas News Agency adds these details:

The Diet declares that Alsace-Lorraine in forty-five years of peace has become a part of German business life and can pass unharmed out of the present war only by remaining German. It declares also that the intellectual and moral life of the population can prosper only if not cut off from the strong root out of which it grows in common with the entire German race.

A resolution was at the same time passed to send greetings to the men of Alsace and Lorraine stationed at the battle front, some of whom have received special commendation from the Emperor and have won marks of distinction for their heroism. The clergy of these States has likewise nobly sacrificed itself for the welfare of the troops.

The weekly report of the American Association of Commerce and Trade at Berlin publishes the official data of the business failures in Germany during the past year. It is found that there has been an almost steady decrease from the month of January, 1915, when 588 failures were recorded, to the month of December, 1915, with only 253 failures. Compared with the previous year the diminishing number of failures becomes still more remarkable. The total of business failures for 1915 were 4,580 as against 7,738 failures in 1914. This decrease is viewed in Germany as a further sign of sound business conditions. The way in which commerce and trade have adjusted themselves to the conditions of the war is in particular widely commented on. Attention must be called in this connection to the evidently excellent supervision service of the Government established at the outbreak of the war. Its purpose was to adjust the business of firms directly endangered by the war and to offer them assistance. Statistics of this department are not yet available.

Great Britain.—The Speech from the Throne at the reassembling of Parliament, followed the customary

lines, and was read by the Lord Chancellor. The speech closed with the statement that Parliament would be asked to make due financial provision for the conduct of the war. The Premier announced that a very large vote of credit would be asked. Sketching briefly the financial condition of the country, he said that at present the daily war expenditures amounted to about twenty-five million dollars, with no prospect of a reduction. On January 1, the nation's war expenditures "had reached a figure which would strain its resources for a generation." The new burdens which the country must now assume could be met only by large additions to taxation, by the maintenance of British credit through an uninterrupted export trade, by cutting off unnecessary imports, and by reducing expenditures. England, it would seem, or at least some classes in England, has yet to learn the economics of war-time. It is expected that when the vote of credit, which will probably total two and one-half billions of dollars, is moved, the Premier will submit a detailed account of the finances of the war.

Ireland.—The *Leader* furnishes interesting data with regard to the publication of the National Records. At the annual meeting of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, valuable reports were submitted from the Queen's University, Belfast; University College, Cork; the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, and the Intermediate Education Board. The secretary, Father Dinneen, stated that the first volume of the Society's new series of historical texts, "The Life and Voyages of St. Brendan," had everywhere met a warm welcome. The second volume, "The Poems of Padraigin Hackett," edited by Tadhg O'Donoghue, is now ready. The author of these poems is Prior Hackett, of the Dominican Convent, Cashel, well known for his labors and zeal during the Cromwellian persecutions. Father Dinneen is preparing a third volume, an interesting study of Irish clan history. It is the account of the two MacGuire, the Fermanagh brother chieftains who lived shortly after the Anglo-Norman invasion. Irish clan history is now presented in its true colors. It has often been misrepresented or misunderstood, but here, says the *Leader*:

We see it as it appeared to the native seancha, and not through the distorted medium of English chronicles and State papers. The tract will also throw light on the history of Fermanagh and Monaghan. The text is simple and most readable, altogether a very fascinating narrative, reflecting the language of two centuries ago at which date it was written and modernized from an ancient historical tract. It will be welcomed by all readers of Irish, and more especially, perhaps, by Ulster readers.

Now that the nation is eagerly looking forward to Home Rule, the publication of these records and a renewed interest in the Irish language is of the highest importance.

Mexico.—In response to a resolution introduced by Senator Fall, of New Mexico, Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, submitted to the Senate a report on Mexico. The statement is a bare outline of certain carefully selected incidents connected with the revolution. The omissions are numerous and significant, because the Secretary believes

it to be incompatible with the public interest to transmit to the Senate at the present time the voluminous correspondence called for by the resolution between the Department of State and the representatives of the United States in Mexico or that between the Department and representatives of the de facto Government of Mexico, of which Gen. Venustiano Carranza is the Chief Executive.

Thus, for instance the correspondence that passed between the Brazilian Minister in Mexico City, who represented American interests, and our Government is suppressed, so also are the orders issued to our marines at Vera Cruz, and lastly, although Mr. Lansing records Carranza's promise of religious freedom, yet no mention is made of the fact that the aforesaid promise has been broken again and again in most offensive ways. The total number of Americans missing or killed in Mexico and on the border, from 1913 to 1915, is 112. The Santa Ysabel massacre which occurred in January, 1916, brings the number up to 129. The first group of 112 is divided as follows: killed from causes directly connected with the revolution, 18; disappeared, probably killed, 8; killed by bandits, 10; killed by Indians, 12; deaths due to various criminal acts, 30; American civilians killed on American territory, 20; American soldiers killed on American territory, 16. The report will, no doubt, be vigorously debated in Congress. Senator Fall has already spoken of the orders to our marines at Vera Cruz, as "death warrants." He contends that the marines were forbidden to fire, until they were fired upon and intimates that even in that event, they were not permitted to make their fire general, but were ordered to locate the aggressors and fire upon them.

New decrees are following fast on one another. Two important documents concerning education were recently promulgated, one in Mexico City and one in Toluca. The text of the latter makes interesting reading, as will be seen from these typical citations:

Article 28. It is absolutely forbidden to teach any religion in private schools or in any other educational establishment of whatsoever class or character. . . .

Article 44 of the same decree puts among the reasons sufficient to expel from office, directors, professors, and other employees of schools the following:

To teach any religion or to establish any religious practices in the school or to effect that, outside the school, pupils shall attend on any form of worship or religious instruction.

Meantime the Government is using a new weapon against morality and religion—indecent "civic plays with free seats in the galleries."

TOPICS OF INTEREST

The Land of Hate

I WILL undertake the hard task of speaking on hate. But, to guard myself and my readers against the essential dangers of the undertaking, I will speak of hate with love lurking in my heart.

There are some qualities of soul which, in the soul's present plight of sin, no man can have, as patience that is never ruffled and eyes that are never uncontrolled. Again, there are some other qualities of soul that most men, or at least a few, may have, as courage and content. Lastly, there are some qualities of soul which all men must have, for good or ill, as love and hate.

Hate is a primal instinct of the soul; nearer the very heart of the soul than any other instinct except love. Indeed, but for love, hate would be the world's elemental activity.

At first sight love and hate seem as far apart as the right hand and the left, or the north pole and the south, or day and night. However, on second sight, it would seem that hate is not love's opposite but its obverse. Inasmuch as a man loves he hates. No man can love aright until he hates aright. The deeper his love, the deeper his hate.

There are the unwise, and they not a few, who think thus of the difference between love and hate so as to say: "Love is good, and hate is bad." How far this opinion strays from the truth may be judged by recalling the saying of a wise man: "Love, that is the roof of heaven, is the floor of hell." Love is not of itself good. Some love is good, some is indifferent, and not a little is of the pit. All that we may safely say of love is this, and it is of the nature of a platitude, to wit: "Good love is good."

The selfsame, nothing less and nothing more, may be said of hate. It is witless error or wilful lying that could maintain the thesis: "Hate is bad." This phrase would mean to the ordinary hearer of it, "All hate is bad." Now the truth is that "some hate is bad, some is indifferent, and some is Divine." To liken it unto love we say: "Bad hate is bad." Nearer to the heart of truth we cannot reach than by this platitude.

We have hereby established a certain likeness and even kinship between love and hate. It is the same here in these matters of the heart as elsewhere in matters of the mind. Truth scatters, not only blessings, but curses. Indeed, as curses, through being more imperative, are more strident than blessings, their sound carries farther. They are, if not a surer, at least, a commoner guide. A man can hardly fail to come up with the truth in this world of omnipresent denial, provided only he will keep his ears open to hear that *Anathema Maranatha*, and sundry other curses. Indeed, I myself have seen a strange phrase, which I only understood in part after

a hundred repetitions. It is this: "Better the curse of Peter than the kiss of Judas."

Now just as *Anathema Maranatha* and the like are not coarse words that are vent to foolish anger, but curses that are a password unto the truth, so is hate itself a flag fluttering undauntedly on love's battlements.

We have said that on second sight hate is taken to be not love's opposite, but love's obverse. Now because truth is not in first sight nor in second sight, but in a certain trinity of vision, our third sight largely confirms the first and only corrects the blurred outlines of its intuitions. It is right and it is final to say that we cannot love without hating; nor hate without loving; yet one and the same thing we cannot at one and the same time both love and hate.

It is a sign of our decadence that there is a school of thought so delicate as to look on a curse as too coarse for the lips and hate as too inhuman for the heart. As often happens, men of this school find choice words of Holy Writ to sponsor the unholiness of their half-truths. Their lips often speak with relish the phrase, "God is love." They do not declare but imply that Satan is hate. They forget that if no being loves as God, none hates as God hates.

Hardly has any thinker had the boldness to explore and survey the land of hate. Some of the headlong sort have said, not without a show of truth, that if God is love, and love is God, then hate is hell.

Another thinker, a poet to boot, and a resolute hater if ever there was one, has written in verse and rhyme that over the murky gates of eternal doom are to be seen the words: "The first love made me."

Another, who has written plentifully of wedded love, is responsible for the saying: "Swedenborg's hell is one in which everybody is incessantly engaged in the endeavor to make everybody else virtuous!" This, it will be granted, is a work of love.

Perhaps the geography of love might lend a little light to the unmapped geography of hate. Aquinas and Aristotle, who so often run as yoke-fellows in things of the mind, have said that "All love, like all Gaul, is divided into three parts." The first part is the "love of lust," as when a man loves wine or horses. The second part is the "love of simple well-wishing," as when a man loves or wishes to give a cup of water to the criminal justly awaiting death. The third part is the love of friendship. This is the noblest love; which makes a community of life between friends in all matters save their incommunicable points of view and the things which each must consume rather than the other.

It may be questioned whether hate is not divided into these three grand duchies of hating. There is assuredly a certain "hate of lust," or "lust of hate," as when a man hates ill-cooked food or teeth that ache, and the like. This hate is normal; and is a sign of normal health. It may even be admitted that there is a "hate of simple ill-wishing"; as a man might wish a

wife-beater to be himself beaten, or a venal politician to be pelted with things not hurtful, but ignominious. It may not be admitted so easily, though I think that it should be finally admitted, that there is a certain steady, abiding mutual hate, the obverse of friendship. Thus few men would deny that if the present mood of the belligerent nations were to last, and if one or the other were to consider itself the victim of a policy of frightfulness, that each would hate the mood that produced such frightfulness, with interruption of common life, until the mood was past. Hereupon, having dared to express ultimate emotions, we must be wise and pay tithes to caution.

As hate is a final energy of the soul, the practice of hate is a fine art. I know that love can sing; and provided that hate is in its right mind, I know that hate can sing. We can thus have a hymn of hate; such a hymn as was one day sung by a Master-Lover in one of his master-songs, "Woe to you, woe to you!" This memorable hymn of hate is fine scorn of the scorners. Yet is it sweet and lovable, for it is the cry of Him who loved to the crest of Golgotha.

But in these latter days we have heard of another hymn of hate, made under stress of foiled ambition. It is the doggerel of hate, the frightfulness of a man who has shorn grief of all but its grimace.

But having spoken of Golgotha and having heard the love-begotten hymn of hate from the Master-Lover, I hasten from the doggerel of hate lest I yield to kindred doggerel through kindred hate.

VINCENT M'NABB, O.P.

III—The Proposed National University

I HAVE shown that an Act of Congress to establish a National University would probably be unconstitutional. It would also be unwise. The several States are better fitted to supervise education, and this for many reasons. The burden of Federal taxation is largely and purposely concealed. In the main, it is indirectly paid by consumers of merchandise, liquor, etc., who do not know when they are paying it nor how much they are paying. The people, therefore, are not so easily aroused by extravagance, and as a National University would be far away from them, abuses would neither be promptly observed nor easily corrected. The people and leaders in a State will be more interested in, and better stimulated by, a local university than by an institution that is remote. If the several States support and control education, there will be a benefit in the variety or diversity of effort, experiment and results.

In a National University neither religion nor any definite, practical form of morality could be taught. Would it be wise to foster under governmental sanction, a propaganda of agnosticism? As a university training would necessarily embrace ethics, philosophy, literature, history, political economy, and

the principles of government, there would always be a tendency in active, political leaders to seek the power to direct the teaching toward such channels as would be most in keeping with their theories and party platforms. There would be a concealed but constant struggle, not only to control the ordinary patronage connected with the university, but also to create a public opinion which would promote success at the polls. Teachers would be expected to lecture, and to write along lines preferred by the men able to give promotions and secure appropriations.

Although the Federal Government, by its command of unlimited sums of money and innumerable highly paid office-holders, might be able to conduct successfully expensive, long-continued investigations into matters of scientific and economic importance, it could not teach the subjects of university training any better than the Universities of Harvard, Virginia, Chicago, Yale, Princeton, Georgetown, St. Louis, or Notre Dame. The main reason heretofore given for taxing everybody for public schools, has been the necessity of educating our citizens, thereby making them better voters, jurors and bread-winners. But only the States decide who shall be voters and jurors, and the States are most interested in bread-winners and paupers.

If there were a National University, its professors, at the seat of the government, and its graduates, influential in all the States, would, from self-interest, loyalty and pride, try to make it the capstone of all educational institutions in the United States and its dependencies. This would, indeed, be inevitable, as has been admitted. The university would finally dominate, by constant pressure, private and endowed colleges and universities, as well as those supported by a State or city. Its graduates would be given prestige and privileges not enjoyed by others. They would be preferred as professors or as civil employees. They and their professors would be constantly meddling in public affairs, at first modestly and later arrogantly, as men having special skill and entitled to special consideration. They would wish to influence, if not to supervise and regulate by law, courses of study for all educational institutions. Herbert Spencer, in his "The Man versus the State," said almost half a century ago:

A comparatively small body of officials, coherent, having common interests, and acting under central authority, has an immense advantage over an incoherent public which has no settled policy, and can be brought to act unitedly only under strong provocation. Hence an organization of officials, once passing a certain stage of growth, becomes less and less resistible; as we see in the bureaucracies of the continent. . . . The multiplication of careers opened by a developing bureaucracy, tempts members of the classes regulated by it to favor its extension, as adding to the chances of safe and respectable places for their relatives. The people at large, led to look on benefits received through public agencies as gratis benefits, have their hopes continually excited by the prospects of more. A spreading education, furthering the diffusion of pleasing errors rather than of stern truths, renders such hopes both stronger and more general.

Worse still, such hopes are ministered to by candidates for public choice, to augment their chances of success; and leading Statesmen, in pursuit of party ends, bid for popular favor by countenancing them.

Every bureau, commission or other body established in Washington, for any purpose, has, in recent years, had influence enough to extend its scope and activities, the number of its employees and the amount of its expenditures. Where millions, even billions, are freely appropriated, it is not hard to obtain large sums for any purpose really good or having a mere semblance of direct benefit, whatever troop of unconsidered, indirect evils it may draw in its train. If the camel once gets his nose into the tent, its easy and comfortable possession of the tent soon follows. The once thrifty, independent tax-payer whose home may be sold for taxes or whose increased expenses may slowly push him down into the border-land of want seems to many "philanthropists" hardly worth a thought. These good people, so generous with the earnings of others, are thinking and working most to save the thriftless from nature's inexorable and curative punishments and to make it respectable and easy for the "sponger" to get all the blessings of life free at the direct expense of his neighbors. Those who mention the "tax-payer" are hustled out of court because they are not "progressive." Foolish or base is the man who will pay for his education as a lawyer, physician, professor, scientist, political economist, writer or prospective candidate for public office, if it can be procured gratis at Washington.

The possibility and indeed the probability of these effects may be seen by examining the Fess Bill. This measure (House Bill 11,749) proposes to create the National University of the United States, in order: (1) to promote science, pure and applied, and the liberal and fine arts; (2) to instruct and train men and women for all kinds of political offices and for the practice of all callings and professions; (3) to work in unison with "the scientific departments of the Federal Government," the State universities and agricultural and mechanical colleges and other "institutions of higher learning." No student may enter unless he has already received the degree of Master of Science or Master of Arts from some college or university that the Washington professors choose to "recognize." The university is to be governed by a Board consisting of the Commissioner of Education and twelve trustees appointed by the President of the United States. There is to be an Advisory Council composed of the Presidents of State universities, one from every State; and, if there be no such official, the Governor of that State shall choose a member. The Board will choose the professors and agents, and erect the buildings. All the museums, laboratories, libraries, bureaus, and observatories of the Federal Government shall be open to the students. The beginning of the appropriations shall be half a million dollars. A neat little sum, but greater things will soon follow.

In support of this Bill Dr. Charles W. Dabney, President of the University of Cincinnati, spoke before a Committee of the House, on February 27, 1914; his colleague, the Dean, at an earlier date, had also appeared before the Committee. Dr. Dabney advocated the Bill with great skill and plausibility. A man of wide information and great ability, he said all that could be said with truth. He did not recommend "an ordinary university," but "a university for university-trained men rather than a popular institution"; one for "advanced students of history, government, economics and natural science and its applications," a place where ambitious gentlemen could get free training in high-priced professions out of the enforced contributions of the taxpayers, the poor as well as the rich. He said that even now the ordinary man with a university degree coming to Washington to pursue his studies, is "lost in the mazes of the government bureaucracy." Therefore, we must have more bureaucrats to explain the workings of our present bureaucracy, "a clearing house for students and government officials," where, at public expense, they can study "geology, geography, anthropology, zoology, botany, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, political and social science and kindred branches." Everybody knows that our Federal Constitution, on every page, bristles with provisions for all these good things above everything else. He says the "civil service" provides very good "clerks, statisticians or ordinary officials," but not "scientific experts," who want to get on the pay-roll and to regenerate mankind. The Committee was told that "the colleges were for a long time institutions apart from real life and the real practice of the sciences"; that the same was also true, to a large degree, of economics and political science; but that "the greatest authority on international law and kindred subjects in this country commenced his career as a law-clerk in that (the State) Department"; that "the government service offers the best opportunities in this country for the training of men of this type," and therefore we need another university to train them. "I should not like," said the speaker, considering the politicians before him, "to commit myself to the broad proposition that the graduate ought to be given a place just because he is a graduate." It was not safe to tell that to Congressmen.

To show how bureaucracies gradually swell, the speaker said:

I need not tell you that there is an immense amount of *duplicated* work among these departments, which results in great waste of time and money. . . . You gentlemen know how these things come up. A new scheme is presented, and a little appropriation, perhaps only \$5,000 or \$10,000 is requested, and it gets into the appropriation bill. I know of a bureau in one of the departments which started with \$5,000, and now, after 15 years, it gets \$400,000. . . . That bureau now has many different laboratories which *duplicate*, to a certain extent, the work in other laboratories. . . . The last time I made a count (in 1901), the Government had seven different chemical laboratories in Washington.

The speaker then tried to show how the new university might play an important part in the conduct of the whole government as, he said, the State University does in Wisconsin and Ann Arbor, in Michigan. Dr. Dabney has in mind "the new type of a university, and not the ancient cloistered institution. He believes that this new university at the Capital would "counsel and give advice about all our great scientific, economic, industrial, educational and social problems"; that "instead of the politicians running the universities, the universities of the country are more and more directing the economic and governmental work done by the legislators"; that a national university would, in his opinion, "exert far more influence upon Congress than Congress would exert upon it."

This argument confirms what I have said in preceding articles of the growing expensiveness, the irresistible tendencies, the indirect evils and the ambitious, selfish aims that may be expected from a national university. I am in favor of popular education; I believe in the best and highest forms of education. But, in my opinion, it was never intended by our forefathers, nor would it be safe to allow the Federal Government to use its heavy hand to shape or control either the religion or the education of the people.

EDWARD J. McDERMOTT, LL.B., LL.D.,
Sometime Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky.

The Church and Some Social Problems

IN the glare of modern social theories, many facts about the Church are being revealed to people who would otherwise have passed through life without knowing or noticing them. A valuable thing about mistakes is that they teach us what not to do to secure the improvement of society. But up to the time a mistake is clearly known and humbly acknowledged to be such, it continues to spread mischief aplenty among its promoters. The Church has been a faithful teacher. Time has been her corroborator, for it has demonstrated that most of our modern fiascos are the outcome of the opposite of her doctrine.

While race enthusiasts have been shackling conscience and convention, placing them on a funeral-pyre, and wildly hurling flaming torches, the Church has towered noble and dignified in the scene, protecting the victim but not assaulting the assailant; receiving abuse for her interference and scorn for her "conservatism," but bearing with them in a manner to inspire their opposites, confident of triumph, certain of her Divine mission. Modern thought is now indirectly admitting the merit and might of its meek opposer, by recognizing its own weakness and arrogance. Thus in the pale light of present-day panaceas, the face of Christ is seen shining through His Church, and the lips which stilled the storm so long ago on the Lake of Galilee are now heard speaking solemn truths that will calm the tempest of error.

In a word, the Church is championing natural rights against the unnatural assaults of the day. She is succoring the individual by protecting his possession of property against extreme Socialism; she is safeguarding society by throwing her force between the Sixth Commandment and scientific iconoclasts, enemies of the processes of nature, zealots who would tear decency to shreds and blow the moral law to pieces; the rabid advocates of birth-control.

We never realized just how diabolically society was inclined without the prop of true Christianity until, a few months ago, it stumbled into the most hideous scheme of them all: this fashioning of families, *per* scientific directions, to suit taste, convenience and pocket-book. Such a preposterous plan of viciousness, insolent to God, destructive to man, and subversive of the natural law, has at last forced open the eyes of many admirers of "progress" to the real demerits and dangers of up-to-date thought. It justly appeals to them that the spirit which could breed such a monster must be an enemy to humanity, and that the Church which has continually condemned such a spirit should be accounted a friend. But a difficulty remains for them; if the Church is nobly protecting the law implanted in man's nature forbidding birth-control, why is she ignobly descanting against Socialism which, by presenting all men with an equitable share in the world's goods, would enable parents to support the children which nature gives them? If the Church would have children brought into life, why does she not seek to improve the life into which she would have them brought?

So her stand against Socialism is being quite misunderstood. And the misunderstanding is understandable, for the world is indeed so weeded with bitter economic troubles that fundamental rights, which Catholicism vindicates, are quite concealed and forgotten under the rank growth. But the genesis of these problems would not be difficult to trace. They never sprang out of the system of property which the Church espouses, but from the spirit of injustice which the Church decries. If it is complained that in medieval times, when the Church, preceptor of equity, was regent, poverty also reigned, it may be answered that old Europe, emerging from the grimy depths of barbarism, should not have been expected to look utterly ideal; that the serf was at least sure of his food and lodging, and raised his family without deadly fear of an awaiting wolf to snatch it up; and that, if the Continent succeeded in progressing from savagery to civilization under ecclesiastical régime, very logically it might have ascended from culture to social perfection had it remained spiritually true to the traditions which raised it from the mud. Catholicism gave humanity wings; modern spirit, locomotives. We have indeed gone fast without the Church, but our traveling has been in a circle, leaving us still on earth with the creeping things. Instead of soaring up above our modest little 8,000 miles-in-diameter globe, we have been

serenely traveling over its surface, learning about the things of creation but unlearning the things of creation's God; so absorbed in the laws of chemistry and physics as to forget the "law of ourselves." Matter has meant more to us than morals. No wonder that modern life is so intensely earthly, teeming with material questions and concerns. If men would now take up the thread of religion at the point where a certain rebel friar four centuries ago broke off, they would have something to guide them out of their distress, social as well as spiritual.

The Church sanctions no such upheaval as the Socialistic blasting of the natural law of property would effect. For if this right be denied, a lesser is replaced by a greater disorder. But if the leaven of her teaching is allowed to permeate the social mass, it will work out an answer to the question of capital and labor far more satisfactorily and with much more ease than Socialism ever could. There is something intrinsically wrong in a doctrine which would forcefully strip one class of its possessions to produce peace in another; there is a ring of justice in the Church's teaching that all classes should be respected in their rights.

Her remarkable solution of the problem of slavery is a signal evidence of her friendliness to the ideals of social liberty and advancement, and her ability to attain them without throwing society into convulsions. Her long experience with human nature has taught her that violent changes produce still more violent ones. She has always prescribed a rational degree of patience, realizing that it is not a bad fosterer of plans for betterment. And the world, weary of the schemes that have led it so many swift races to the capture of little or nothing, is coming to appreciate that Rome is not devoid of wisdom.

Recently a clergyman struck this increasingly vibrant note of public sentiment when, in a letter condemnatory of birth control, he declares that he "looks forward to the day when this early protector of civilization (the Church) will help all sincere men and women of every creed and heresy, to realize honestly the high ideal of the sex life," and expresses the wish that "the ancient voice of Rome cry out to all the world lest we forget." But, though he and many as willing to be fair as he, admire the Church, they do not fully comprehend its spirit. While he concedes that Catholics are right in offering themselves as a bulwark of protection to the natural law, he disapproves them as disregards of the social values. Without a dispelling of the economic ills which Socialism essays to cure, observance of the natural law, in point of births, is rendered too difficult for the poor. The Church should raise her voice for a better distribution of the world's goods, if she wishes to be consistent with her insistence on the complete observance of the law of God.

It is unfortunate that this critic, discerning so much of the truth, does not descry a little more. According to him, economic theory would render observance

of the natural law feasible; according to reason, however, observance of the natural law would render economic theory unnecessary. For the law that is in us teaches, as well as Christ, that the working man is "worthy of his hire"; and if a man receives the just compensation for his labor which Christianity and conscience demand, and labors as much as the needs of his family require, the race will be preserved as compact and intact as the dreamers of a golden future could wish. The message of Christ can gain more for the world than the theory of Socialism, because it asks less, and strikes deeper.

The question tersely resolves itself to this: should the Church adopt one modern theory in order to prevent society's adoption of another? Briefly and simply, she adopts and countenances neither, knowing that, if men would give more heed to the Decalogue and less to the poor flitting human wisdom of butterfly theorists, society would secure the health which it craves. Sinai furnishes the finest elementary sociology the world has ever known. The Ten Commandments contain *in nuce* every possible cure for the thousand and one ailments under which present society is groaning. Laws must harmonize with them lest these laws sound a note of lawlessness; likewise, theories.

The Protestant clergyman would have the Church secure the observance of the fundamental prescription of the natural law; would he have her antagonize the right of the man in the world to possess what is his? The Church does not aim to make men equally rich and therefore equally qualified to support their offspring. She has no authority to do anything of the kind, and knows that it cannot be done anyhow. Heaven was not meant to be built on this side of the grave. But she does seek justice for the workingman and, when she fails to win over the capitalist to a sense of fairness, she helps the abused employee, not with cheap promises of a millennium which neither he nor anybody else will live to see, but with as much practical charity as her means will allow. She pilots him through the storms of life to the real Utopia beyond the grave.

EDWARD F. MURPHY.

The Pan-Protestant Congress

ALICE was behaving like a little angel. She was sitting perfectly quiet without saying a word, as her mother had told her. She had been dutifully listening, too, while the ladies discoursed; but it was all so boring; she had much rather be upstairs playing with Dinah. She began to feel drowsy in the big chair in which she had been sitting now for nearly an hour. But gracious! it would never do to fall asleep! So she began going over in her mind what the ladies were talking about. First, there was the Pan-Protestant Congress at Panama, which meant, Alice told herself, that some of all the different kinds of Protestants were going to Panama, where the Panama hats come from. Next the principal object of this Congress, as the stout old lady near the window had declared, was to settle on some way of bringing Christianity to the natives of South America, who must be, Alice concluded, a wild sort of people that ran about with rings in their noses—

The convention hall was filled to overflowing. Alice, seated

with the Duchess in the gallery, thought she had never before seen so many different creatures. And all were talking at once. The hubbub was deafening.

"Do tell me what it's all about," begged Alice.

"It's a joke, my dear," replied the Duchess. "There goes the March Hare now. He'll explain."

As she spoke, the March Hare in evening clothes ascended the platform, and rapped for order. "Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, striking a dignified posture, with one hand under his coat-tails, "we are assembled, as you know, to bring light and peace, consolation and joy to that wretched outcast, Fernando, the Eagle, that is to say, to make of him a real eagle. At present he is not a real eagle. He thinks he is; but we know better. We, Ladies and Gentlemen, who *are* eagles know that he is *not*."

(Loud and prolonged applause, during which the March Hare takes a drink of water.)

"What absurdity!" exclaimed Alice.

"Glorious!" said the Duchess tensely. "An apotheosis of madness!"

"A what?" said Alice. But the March Hare, with one hand raised, had resumed. "I said, Ladies and Gentlemen, that we must make a real eagle of Fernando. This is our privilege, our right, our duty. All here assembled, perfect eagles as we are, must take pity on the poor benighted denizen of these southern mountains, and recast him on the model of a genuine eagle. I shall, therefore, call upon the assembled delegates to give their views regarding this model."

The delegates looked at one another, each waiting for his neighbor to speak. At length a rather stoutish Oyster in a frock-coat arose and coughed twice behind his hand to hide his embarrassment. Alice couldn't help nudging the Duchess. "I thought the Walrus and the Carpenter finished the oysters," she whispered.

"Shut up!" said the Duchess, without turning her head.

The Oyster had now found voice. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I have often heard it vulgarly said that eagles should have feathers. Yet *I* have no feathers; and I, Mr. Chairman, am a perfect model of an eagle, as you will admit. Therefore, I propose that Fernando shall have no feathers. But I think the Convention will do well to mark this shell." Here the Oyster proudly tapped his chest. "If we are going to turn Fernando into a true eagle we must be sure to give him a shell." And the Oyster, smiling complacently, sat down.

"Sir!" thundered a voice from the opposite side of the hall, "the gentleman is playing with us!"

"Oh, look!" cried Alice, "there's the dear old Dodo."

Sure enough, there was the dear old Dodo in an immaculate Palm-Beach suit, his eyes flashing fire, his ample figure quivering with indignation. "Sir, I must try to control my feelings before I dare proceed. Whoever, Sir, heard of an eagle growing a shell! I will not question the gentleman's sincerity, Sir, nor yet his claims to be an eagle. But this I will not stand, our converting Fernando into a shell-fish. If this proposal is carried I shall have to sever all connections with the Congress; and I shall do this with all the more regret, Sir, as I have had serious obstacles to overcome in order to be present. You must know, Sir, that I belong to the genteel and illustrious Society of Dodos. Many of my fellows were averse to my attending your Congress, and it is only under their exceeding displeasure that I am present at all. Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, adopt the preposterous proposal of the Oyster. Let us rather follow common sense, our own instincts of what a true eagle should be, and bestow upon Fernando the likeness of my own lithe and graceful figure together with these beauteous pinions." Here the Dodo waved his stumpy wings. "Sir, I say it with all modesty, you could not choose a better model. I am the last word in eagles." With this the Dodo yielded the floor.

There was a faint pattering of applause, mingled with hisses

from various quarters of the hall; evidently the Dodo's views were not shared by the majority of the Congress. "Oh, who is that?" asked Alice, pointing down toward the right aisle. "That gentleman over there waving his arms—his forefeet, I mean."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the Duchess in agreeable surprise, "if it isn't old John Mole. Yes, he's going to speak now. He waves his arms in preparation. Got into the habit from digging."

"Ladies and Gentlemen," began the Mole in rather muffled tones, "the last speaker's point was well taken." With which exordium he drew from his inside coat-pocket a red bandana, and blew his nose. "The amendment that I propose making to Fernando's constitution may be briefly stated. To adopt the eloquent words of the first speaker, 'I have often heard it vulgarly said' that eagles have eyes, whatever *that* means. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, *I* have no eyes, at least so folk tell me. None the less, all will admit that I am an eagle, and an eagle, I may say, of the first water."

"Hear! Hear!" cried a noisy contingent of visiting moles from the gallery.

"Now I propose, Sir," pursued the Mole, vaguely waving his arms, "that Fernando's future constitution shall be modeled after my own: two good legs, a pair of arms to which all ground is pervious," the Mole hurriedly described three parabolas, "a soft furry coat, with, of course, graceful pinions, as the last speaker so exquisitely suggests, and finally," climaxed the Mole with a flourish of his bandana, "a beautiful and lovely absence of eyes."

The polite applause that followed this vivid picture of the future Fernando was rudely interrupted by a great, goggle-eyed Bullfrog, who jumping to his feet, and gazing contemptuously around on the audience and then on the Chairman, who trembled visibly, roared out: "Sir! the last speaker is insane!" A sudden hush followed this terrible indictment, during which Alice couldn't help calling down: "You are *all* insane." But nobody paid any attention to her.

"Sir," iterated the Bullfrog with rising wrath, "the gentleman is insane! How can he leave eyes out of the question? There are other minor points, Sir, such as fur and feathers, that I also take exception to. But now I concern myself with the main issue, eyes, Sir! I should like to know, Sir, who this Mole is that sets himself up as a better eagle-model than myself. I, Sir, am the superior eagle. I have eyes; he has none. I have a beautiful mottled green skin; he has a furry hide. I—"

"Mr. Chairman!" The Oyster had leaped to his feet, his face flaming with anger. "The gentleman is out of order!"

"*You* are out of order!" thundered the Dodo, and his Palm-Beach coat rose and fell over his indignation. "Whoever heard of a shell-fish eagle?"

"Well, if it comes to that," cried the Mole in a far-away voice, "whoever heard of an eagle that looked like a dodo; a darned, dead, old dodo?" he added fiercely, losing his temper.

"Order! Order! Gentlemen," pleaded the March Hare, and looked helplessly around.

"And why shouldn't he look like a dodo?" hotly rejoined that piece of antiquity. "Who has a right to say he *shan't* look like a dodo?"

"For that matter," batted the Bullfrog, "who has a right to say he *shan't* have eyes and a mottled-green skin? That's what I want to know."

"You—you amphibian freak!" roared the Oyster in a very fury of passion. "I say he *shan't* have a mottled-green skin. He shall have a shell, though—"

"And who are *you*, sir," spluttered the Mole, "who are you, to be dictating this and that?"

"Order, Gentlemen," protested the March Hare feebly, and sat down.

And then, as Alice looked on, a remarkable thing happened. The entire Congress suddenly melted into a bluish vapor that

floated up and out through the skylight of the hall. Alice gave a little scream and turned to the Duchess.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked the stout old lady near the window. Alice stared with wide-eyed amazement. "O dear! What a funny Congress," she said; "it all went up in smoke."

MARK S. GROSS, S.J.

Catholic Landmarks in Chicago

WHAT can I tell the readers of AMERICA regarding Chicago that would be of interest? Its history is brief, its traditions, few, the Catholic landmarks of early times are gone. Chicago may be said to be a city not of the past but of the present. It knows no yesterday, it is a city of today. All life, all movement, all activity bear on the present and the future.

Its entire history is comprised and included in the memory of men still living. It is true we can refer in the books to the fact that the great missionary and explorer, Father Marquette, spent a lonely winter here in 1673 on the banks of the stream now known as the Chicago River. An attempt has been made in recent years to fix on the particular spot where the frail hut stood, in which he celebrated Mass, but of course the exact location can only be conjectured. However a memorial cross was placed on the supposed place of refuge, recalling the memory of the renowned missionary and the fact that the site of the future Chicago was hallowed by his presence.

But the Chicago that was to be, came into existence 160 years later; and the Chicago we now know may be said to date from the great fire of 1871. The older or earlier Chicago practically disappeared in the fire. In the material sense that disaster, sad and fatal though it was to the lives and fortunes of many, turned out to be vastly beneficial. The city was re-created on a scale and solidity that could not have been dreamed of or realized under the old order. How mightily it has grown and expanded since needs no telling here. I fancy, indeed, that the readers of AMERICA are not likely to be as interested in what I might relate and describe of the material growth and development of this modern wonder, as they would be in some account of its Catholic history and its religious activities. Practically that history dates from 1833, when Chicago was in its initial stage, little more than a frontier settlement and outpost. Its most important and most indispensable possession was the Government fort and garrison known as Fort Dearborn. Even then there were a good number of Catholics here. I have in my library a copy of the petition signed by the Catholic settlers and addressed to the Bishop of St. Louis begging him to send a priest "to this growing town to provide for the spiritual needs of the people." The request was promptly complied with, Bishop Rosati detailing Father St. Cyr to the care of the Chicago mission. He arrived here after a tedious journey over the prairies in May, 1833, and shortly after had a little frame church erected in which Mass was celebrated. I have known several of the people who assisted to their great joy at the first Mass. The good man who built or put together the humble frame building, A. D. Taylor, was my neighbor long ago, and I myself in early years taught catechism to a little class in the original St. Mary's after it became an annex to the more imposing St. Mary's of later years, then and for long the pro-cathedral.

But even before the coming of Father St. Cyr the Catholics of Chicago had not been wholly neglected. Missionaries came from time to time, dispatched from Detroit or Vincennes to minister to the needs of the Faithful. The original frame church was destroyed along with the pro-cathedral in the great fire. With the growth of the city the Catholic population rapidly multiplied, the See of Chicago was created and the first Bishop came in the person of Right Reverend William Quarter; St. Mary's of the Lake, the earliest university in the town was

founded; Catholic organization and activity soon became manifest in various works and societies. The first Catholic paper, the *Western Tablet*, was started and edited by William Linton, and later for a time by the brilliant and attractive James A. Mulligan of subsequent military renown in the Civil War. There was a strong temperance and total abstinence society here in the early days. I have one of the medals issued to the members, a facsimile of the Father Matthew medals. There was a Repeal Club to aid the O'Connell agitation in Ireland. In those early days far greater interest was shown in literary subjects than is manifest in like circles these later times. Catholic books were more in evidence in Catholic households than they now are. I may instance, too, the public interest in platform lectures.

I can recall the years in Chicago when we had such celebrities as Dr. Brownson, James A. McMaster, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Archbishop Spalding, Rev. Donald Macleod, and others then well known. At a later period came Henry Giles, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Mitchel, Bishop Ryan (later Archbishop), and Father Smarius, the renowned Jesuit missionary. I could enlarge the list from memory but these names suffice to demonstrate the zeal of the people and the high character of the lectures given, generally to large audiences in our public halls. The credit of organizing these lectures and other affairs of Catholic interest was due to the zeal and activity of a body of young Catholics known as the "Catholic Institute." It was in this organization, I may be pardoned for recalling, that my activity in Catholic affairs first came into play. Indeed, I have in testimony a set of Bancroft's "History of the United States," presented to me in behalf of the Institute, April 16, 1856, by James A. Mulligan, the then President, who wrote a flattering inscription in each volume. These are now in my library.

A convent of the Sisters of Mercy was founded in the forties, a band of these devoted Sisters having been drawn from Pittsburgh. How quickly the Sisters gained the respect and esteem of all the people, Protestant and Catholic, I do not need to tell. They gave themselves to duty in the hospitals during the cholera visitation in 1854. The Sisters opened the first academy in the city, and have ever since been recognized as among our most capable and efficient teachers. The fact is demonstrated by their magnificent Academy of St. Xavier, as well as by the great number of parochial schools committed to the charge of that Sisterhood.

It would be a long, and I fear, a monotonous story, were I to detail the multiplication of the various Catholic Sisterhoods in Chicago since the first convent was founded. I think we have nearly every Order and community known to the Church in America. I do know that every phase of human suffering and affliction is provided for in one or another of these institutions of charity. Indeed, adequately to describe the work of one alone would require a separate article.

The most notable event in the Catholic history of Chicago in the late fifties was the coming of the Jesuits and their assignment to the district on the West Side which became known as the Holy Family parish. This was in 1857. The leader of the first band of Fathers of the Society was the Rev. Arnold Damen, S.J. Father Damen was in fact the creator and founder of the great Church of the Holy Family, as in later years he established St. Ignatius College. These two noble undertakings should serve to immortalize his name and memory; but there are other and perhaps greater claims to renown and to the gratitude of posterity. Father Damen, in his day, was a famous missionary. I doubt if any of his own Order in this country, or indeed, of any other Order, possessed the power and achieved results so marvelous in missionary labor as did Father Damen and his associates. He was known and constantly in demand for mission work from New York to San Francisco, from New Orleans to St. Paul, everywhere attracting to his sermons vast throngs of Catholics and non-Catholics, and everywhere rousing the sluggish

Catholic, animating the more dutiful, and winning converts in every mission. Besides St. Ignatius' College, Father Damen also founded the parochial schools in the parish; in fact, I am justified in the statement, that we owe to Father Damen the first great impulse and organization of the parochial school system in Chicago. The college which has been an important factor in higher education, is now included in the greater Loyola University.

The Catholic population of Chicago is decidedly cosmopolitan. We have all nations and every language. It is sometimes claimed, and with an approximation of truth, that Chicago contains more Irish than Dublin; more Poles than Warsaw; more Italians than Naples; more Germans than, I had almost said, Berlin, and more Scandinavians than Stockholm. This as I hinted, may be a slight exaggeration, but all the same, Chicago remains a wonder for its cosmopolitan character. The Catholic population is not far from one-half the total population, and that has now passed 2,500,000.

Chicago.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

Catholic Chaplains in the British Army

IN the British Army the official regulations have always recognized attendance at church service on Sunday as a part of the soldier's duties. On enlisting, a record is made of the religious denomination to which the soldier belongs, and every Sunday in peace-time, and during war when it is possible to arrange it, there is a church parade, at which the regimental chaplain, in most regiments a clergyman of the Church of England, reads the service of the day and delivers a short sermon. In Scottish regiments, where most of the men are Presbyterians, the official chaplain generally belongs to that body. In many Irish regiments, where the religion of most of the men is Catholic, the chaplain is a priest. These chaplains all rank as officers of the Army. When first commissioned they are given the equivalent rank and pay of a captain, and later, with length of service, they are promoted to the equivalent ranks of major and colonel. They do not, however, take these military titles, but are officially described in the Army List and Army Orders as "Chaplain to the Forces" of the first, second, or third class.

With the enormous increase in the numbers of the Army which has taken place during the present war, the Catholic chaplains already attached to the regular establishment were far too few in numbers, and at the very outset the War Office asked our bishops to provide an additional number of priests who would be temporarily commissioned as chaplains. There were some complaints in the first months of the war that the numbers thus provided were inadequate, but perhaps it may be said that this was not the result of any negligence or ill-will on the part of the War Office authorities, but rather of the general failure to recognize at the beginning of operations the vast scale on which they were to be conducted.

Our Catholic army chaplains have an honorable record for devotion to duty and bravery under fire in past wars. Lord Wolseley used to say that the bravest man he had ever known was Father Brindle, the Catholic chaplain of a long series of expeditions in Egypt and the Sudan, and afterward Bishop of Nottingham. General Burton, a non-Catholic officer, once spoke to me enthusiastically of the Catholic chaplains who had served with him in India and Afghanistan. Of one of them he said:

He is probably the only man living who can say that he twice refused the Victoria Cross. On two occasions I told him that I was recommending him for it, and on each occasion he begged me to cancel the recommendation, telling me that the Victoria Cross was given for some brave act in which a man went beyond his mere duty, and that as for what he had done, it was simply his duty. He would consider himself disgraced if he had not done it, and if he were given the Victoria Cross as a reward, it would be no pleasure

to him, for he would feel he was wearing a decoration to which he had no real claim. I yielded to his arguments, but I am not sure that I was right.

The present war had not lasted quite three months when one of the priests who had volunteered for service as a chaplain, Canon Gwydir of Swansea, in South Wales, was drowned in the wreck of the hospital ship *Rohilla* on the Yorkshire coast. Others have fallen in battle; a splendid instance of such heroism being witnessed during the first landing at the Dardanelles, Sunday, April 25. The Sedd-el-Bahr beach at the entrance of the straits was the most difficult of all the landing places and the task of landing there had been assigned to the regiments of the Twenty-ninth Division. This Division was made up of battalions of the old regular Army drawn from India and the Mediterranean garrisons, probably the best battalions left in the British Army at the time. Among them were the Dublin Fusiliers and the Munster Fusiliers, regiments that are almost entirely Catholic. Their chaplain was an Irish priest, Father Finn, who had volunteered for service from a parish in the north of England. He was on board a transport, the *Lord Clyde*, which was run aground close to the beach. A bridge of barges was then formed between the ship and the shore, a perilous operation, in which large numbers of the naval officers and the soldiers who did the work were killed or wounded. As soon as the bridge was complete, an attempt was made by the Dublin Fusiliers to rush across it and attack the Turkish entrenchments on the beach. They were met by a heavy fire of rifles, machine guns and cannon from the high ground behind, and from the fort at Sedd-el-Bahr point. Father Finn was going toward the gangway to land with the first company, when an officer stopped him and urged him to remain on board the transport until the landing had been effected. He replied that he must go with the men. "A priest's place," he said, "should be beside the dying soldier." As he went down the gangway he was slightly wounded by a bullet in the chest. On the barges he roughly bandaged up the wound and then went forward with the men. Before he stepped ashore he was hit by two more bullets in the leg, but though thus three times wounded and suffering great pain, he reached the beach and for some time was busy among the wounded, who were huddled together behind a low ridge that gave little shelter. It was while thus engaged that he was killed by a Turkish shell that burst close beside him and nearly blew his head to pieces.

Another priest who was killed in action was Father Gwynn, a Jesuit. He was not one of the regular chaplains of the Army, but before the war was stationed in Dublin and, like Father Finn, volunteered for service when the first call for chaplains was made. He was attached to the Irish Guards, a regiment nine-tenths Catholic, and was with them during months of hard fighting in Flanders and the north of France. In letters from officers and soldiers there were frequent allusions to Father Gwynn's devoted courage and his popularity, not only with his own people but with officers and men of all denominations, not only in the Irish Guards, but in the other regiments of the brigade. In the unsuccessful attack on the Aubers ridge, near Lille, in the spring of 1915, Father Gwynn was wounded, and he met his death a few weeks later in an attack on the German trenches in front of La Bassée. The advanced trench was rushed and there were numbers of the enemy's dead and wounded lying on the ground that had been won mixed up with our own men. When he was last seen alive, Father Gwynn was kneeling beside a wounded German, supporting his head and preparing him for death. He must have been killed immediately after this act of priestly charity to a fallen enemy.

Like good priests and good soldiers, our chaplains make light of hardship and danger, taking them as "all in the day's work." In their letters such matters are only casually mentioned. Here is a characteristic extract from one of them:

I was under a terrible shell-fire for about fifteen minutes. I can't make out why I was not hit. We were in a village and the Germans began shelling it heavily. Very heavy shells came dropping and bursting all around us. Five men quite near me were killed and many wounded. I only got a smack on the foot from a bit of spent shell, and got covered with broken glass and debris from a falling house.

The writer who thus tells of a narrow escape is Mgr. Keatinge, the senior Catholic chaplain at the front. He is one of the regular army chaplains and as such served on the Nile and in South Africa. He has been attached to army headquarters in France since the beginning of the war and was twice mentioned in Lord French's dispatches. Another veteran army chaplain at the front in France is Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drewe, better known to many by his *nom-de-guerre* of "John Ayscough," the author of many Catholic novels.

There is no doubt that a strong and widespread impression has been made on the non-Catholics by the sight of the devoted zeal of the priests and the practical piety of so many of the Catholic soldiers. A charge made by the Irish Guards during the retreat from Mons has become famous, not merely for its brilliant success, but on account of the action of the men before the advance took place. "It was the subject of enthusiastic comment from one end of the British lines to the other," wrote a non-Catholic correspondent. On receiving the order to prepare to charge, the men, as if by a common impulse, dropped on their knees and for a few moments prayed with bared and bent heads, then rose, made the sign of the cross and dashed with the bayonet at the German position. "Many of them," says the same writer, "had a look of absolute joy and happiness on their faces."

Not a few Protestant soldiers, seeing the practical help their Catholic comrades derive from their religion, have asked to be instructed and received into the Church. Others have taken up some Catholic practices. A letter from a soldier of an Irish regiment, after telling of the good work done by their chaplain, adds that it is not his own people only, but many of the non-Catholics who ask him for his prayers and his blessing.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

COMMUNICATIONS

Letters, as a rule, should be limited to six hundred words

A Friend of the Cause

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Although in a recent number of AMERICA I have read some commendation of the work of my friend Mr. John Saxton Sumner, successor to Mr. Anthony Comstock as Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, I do not think that Catholics generally either know or appreciate the broad scope and importance of the work for Catholic interests accomplished by Mr. Sumner and the other non-Catholic gentlemen who either compose this society or contribute the funds necessary for the prosecution of its work. A few months ago, as a result of his investigation of the shops of Italian booksellers in New York, Mr. Sumner arrested some six of the said booksellers, and seized and destroyed over 5,000 obscene anti-Catholic books. Recently there was published and widely advertised a book from the Polish entitled "Homo Sapiens," which was an attack on the reality of virtue among Catholic women. Mr. Sumner arrested the publisher and seized and destroyed the plates and all unsold copies of the book. I could go on to tell of much other work of benefit to the Catholic Church done and being done by Mr. Sumner, but I am here concerned to emphasize the indifference of Catholics to work of this kind, even in their own defense, and the complacency with which they behold it done for them by men who are not of their Faith. With the exception of Mr. Edward Feeney of Brooklyn and Counsellor Schneider-

hahn of St. Louis, there does not seem to be among the thousands upon thousands of Catholic knights of this, that, and the other round-table, sufficient interest or ability to prosecute such work; but there is among them no dearth of little fellows, who never do anything themselves, who spend their small talents in criticizing the actions of men vastly their superiors in talents and attainments, and who signal "Peace, peace, all is well," even when the enemy is at the gates. Mr. Sumner, who has lately turned his attention to cleansing the stage, is a worthy successor to Mr. Anthony Comstock, to whose memory the *Menace* lately paid tribute when it said "It is under the Federal statute framed by Anthony Comstock that four members of the *Menace* staff have been indicted on seven separate counts with the undoubted intention of railroading them to the penitentiary."

Brooklyn, N. Y.

JAMES V. SHIELDS.

A Striking Parallel

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Reading again Monseigneur Bougaud's "Christianity and the Present Times," I have been struck by the similarity between conditions in the France of today and those which he describes as existing in the France of the nineteenth century. Monseigneur Bougaud, then Vicar General of Orléans, finished his work, which took fourteen years to write, in 1874. His pathetic preface is in part as follows:

This book is not a superficial work. . . . Although in preparation for many years, its publication has been delayed on account of the grievous experiences through which we have recently passed. Several parts had been finished, when the cannon of Reichshofen thundered, rending my soul and paralyzing my pen. I took the work up again later, in the midst of the anguish of the siege of Paris and the horrors of the Commune. I was sustained by the thought that in laboring for God, for religion, and for souls, I was working for my country. Thus, in tears, was the first volume finished. I publish it today, after having waited for a time in order to allow our dire misfortunes time to shed their instructive light and to bear their fruit. O France, thou shalt profit by such lessons! restrain thy wrath, old wounded lion, and let the blood flow from thy veins; for it is the blood of expiation. Thou mayst become greater than ever, O France, as the reward for enduring such overwhelming sorrows. Only it behooves thee not to forget what thy best citizens have discerned in the lightning-flash of danger. That thou mayst avoid a renewal of such horrors, see to it that in the future edifice of the *patrie* religion shall once more be the foundation-stone.

Does not every word so eloquently spoken by the great French prelate forty-two years ago, apply to France today?

Hot Springs, Va.

M. L. S.

Shortening the Thanksgiving

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is gratifying to see how generally the Faithful have responded to the appeal of the late Holy Father in behalf of frequent Communion. Daily Mass and daily reception of the Blessed Sacrament are passing into the lives of many Catholics. Their thanksgiving also, at least on week-days, is all that Pope Pius X would desire. But the thanksgiving on Sundays is not always equally satisfactory. There is a rapidly growing custom throughout the country, but especially in large cities, for communicants to leave the church as soon as the Mass is finished, sometimes when they have received Communion almost at the very end of Mass. Their excuse is that they have to make room for those who are to attend the next Mass. Perhaps in crowded parishes, where the Masses follow each other in rapid succession, a shortening of the thanksgiving is inevitable. But the Faithful have a right to their thanksgiving and means should be taken to make it possible. Often pure thoughtlessness is at the root of the trouble, and would be corrected by a little needed instruction.

New York.

JAMES PHELPS.

A M E R I C A

A · CATHOLIC · REVIEW · OF · THE · WEEK

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Lawlessness and the Sob Sisters

SINCE the revelation of the "murder-gang" plots in New York, the sobs of the sentimentalists have died away to sniffles. It is something more than a year since three hired assassins called Barney Baff from his place of business, shot him in a manner born of long and unmolested practice, and departed in peace to split the pot of five thousand dollars that had been delivered for the deed. At present, let it be repeated, the sentimentalists are silent. But it is certain that if Baff's murderers, depraved ruffians whose presence in any community is far more dangerous than that of an unleashed tiger, are finally convicted, the sobs of the reformers will break forth afresh. To these unbalanced persons, every hard-fought victory of justice is an unmitigated calamity.

Chicago, too, is learning her lesson. Just one year ago, an old man, a shopkeeper, was shot and killed by a band of "baby assassins." What happened when they were brought to trial is described by the widow of the murdered man:

One of these ladies that seem to make it their business to make pets of criminals came up to me and said: "Don't feel so hard against those poor boys; they are only boys, victims of environment, and we must give them another chance." They did not give my poor husband any chance at all; they just shot him down like a dog. Now we are having this present riot of murder. It seems other "poor boys" have been given a chance.

No one is guilty nowadays; either he has been "lured" or he is a "victim of environment." Society, not the individual, is the culprit; and instead of locking up the crook and hanging the murderer, every lawbreaker should be pensioned for life by the peccant State. They are sick, poor fellows, sick nigh unto death, and must be put under a tread-softly-bow-the-head régime, *pour*

encourager les autres, not, of course, to crime, but to godliness. Meanwhile, the gunman laughs in his sleeve, and continues his financially profitable career. He knows that the sentimentalist and the sociologist keep guard over his future. Capture is a remote possibility; even conviction means only an interruption for a brief space. Capital punishment, you know, is murder, and therefore denied the State. Murder is a right, conceded only to the "profession," gunmen, thugs, and the like, by our modern sentimentalists.

Who's to Blame?

"AMERICAN literature is going to the dogs," complained a veteran publisher to a New York Times interviewer, "and the magazines are to blame." He attributes the decline to the commercial exploitation of names and the consequent falling off in the quality of the writers' work. The moment a promising author appears, the magazine editors swoop down and, by offering an irresistible price, force him or her to give them within a brief period a serial novel, a set of special articles, or a half-dozen short stories. The young author, dazzled by the prospect of getting rich quickly, succeeds in producing on time the required "copy," but the feverish haste with which he composes is the deadly foe of artistry and inspiration, so his work, as a rule, deteriorates steadily.

"It is not the magazine editors but the authors themselves who are to blame for the present state of our literature," was the answer the interviewer then received from a well-known publicist. "If the author gives way to his desire or need for money, sacrifices his talent for the sake of a new limousine or an apartment on Riverside Drive, he is to blame, and no one else." Peter Finley Dunne, the creator of the renowned Mr. Dooley, is then cited as a unique example in our day of a popular author who steadfastly refuses to let the alluring offers of editors make him turn out articles which do not reach the high standard which he has set for himself. But most of our American writers "have come to think of everything in terms of the money it brings," and regard themselves as merchants rather than as artists.

But is not the reading public also largely responsible for the present condition of our popular literature? The author who has once achieved the distinction of a "best seller," no matter how worthless or harmful the book really is, can generally count on his subsequent writings being eagerly read by a wide but uncritical circle of admirers. That familiar names, moreover, are what chiefly attract the confirmed magazine buyer is clear from the shrewd publisher's habit of featuring in big type the names of the "popular" writers who contribute to each number of his magazine, while the subject-matter, the literary value and ethical quality of their articles or stories are considered, apparently, a matter of quite minor importance. The modern reader is more interested in

hearing "Who wrote it?" than in learning "What is it about?" or "How well is it done?" Not "What is said?" but "Who says it?" is the question of the hour. So there is a wide field for the improvement of the popular taste in literature.

The Little Lost Lamb

THE wages of sin are swiftly exacted from a young girl who finds too late that men deceive. The suddenness, the "tragedy" of her taking off, furnishes the newspapers of the country with a text for sermonizing, and a pretext for rehearsing similar sad and sordid stories, written by man's perfidy and woman's weakness during the last decade. There is a likeness in the stories, a familiar ring in the sermonizing, for they embody the commonplaces of Catholic thought, rejected by a cynical world, forgetful of the great Tomorrow. Here are a few wise statements which Catholics have been teaching these many years, but which to a Hearst newspaper are so novel as to merit the publicity of display type:

Cases of this kind are made possible by: (1) The easy morals of many fathers and mothers today, aped by their sons and daughters; (2) The tendency to forget the holiness of love, and to consider marriage nothing more than a "legal form"; (3) The light, burlesque manner in which problems of sex are treated by present-day drama and literature; (4) The dangers that surround a girl in her life at the modern high school or college. Professors today can openly profess agnosticism and even atheism. All these things have their reflections in the lives of the young.

A very Solomon is come to judgment. Four points of Catholic teaching are here set forth by a secular paper: the duties of parents to their children, the inviolable sanctity of marriage, a decent stage and a clean press, and schools dedicated to Jesus Christ.

Nothing less than a fearful calamity will convince even some Catholics, that in her insistence upon these four points, the Church is neither prudish, narrow, nor intolerant. The lesson is learned when the crash comes, but then it is too late. Sin has triumphed over innocence, hell has another soul for whom Christ died in vain, the world its nine-day's scandal, and in some desolate home a mother weeps for her little lost lamb.

The Death of Dickens

"DICKENS is dead," proclaims the *Chicago Tribune*. "He will be known as G. P. R. James is known, as one who was immensely popular and immensely productive." Dead, Brother? But if the publishers and the public libraries are to be credited, what a remarkably lively corpse!

No, Dickens is not dead. He cannot die. As long as womanhood is revered in this strange old world, and love is cherished, and compassion for the poor is a virtue, not a sociological problem, and the patter of little feet and the laugh of a child are sweeter than music, and wrongs

are to be redressed and oppression to be destroyed, and hope is to be poured into sad eyes, and cheer into hearts that are broken by the world's sad contumely, so long will Dickens live in the love of millions who would make the world all that he wished it to be, and into which with generous art he strove to fashion it. "I may quarrel with Mr. Dickens's art a thousand times," wrote his great contemporary, Thackeray,

I delight and wonder at his genius; I recognize in it—I speak with awe and reverence—a commission from that Divine Beneficence, whose blessed task we know it will one day be, to wipe every tear from every eye. Thankfully I take my share of the feast of love and kindness which this gentle, and generous, and charitable soul has contributed to the world.

And thank God, that, in Thackeray's words, this great master "never wrote a line that your children need blush to read!" He knew life and its paradoxes, and he knew that man is not wholly bad or ever beyond redemption. His knowledge kept him far from the unclean, untruthful cynicism of the modern *literati* who "have viewed life through the dirty pane of a barroom door." For Dickens, man was made in the image of God; an image that he could blunt and mar but not destroy, and which with the Divine help he could at any moment restore to its pristine beauty.

The Triumph of Compromise

KIKIYU is almost a forgotten incident. Peace again reigns in the church by law established and by compromise continued. But a summary of the decision of his Grace of Canterbury is too good to be allowed to slip into the silent tomb.

In Africa, a few non-conformists receive Holy Communion in an Anglican Cathedral. The Archbishop of Canterbury says that this is an act very pleasing to Almighty God, but that it must not occur again.

This is worthy of "The Prig" at his best, or that *enfant terrible* who should find himself thoroughly out of place in the Establishment, the Rev. Ronald Knox. Here at home, a storm seems brewing in the house of the Establishment's cousin, the Protestant Episcopal Church, which by any other name is quite as recognizable. "The Protestant Episcopal Church," writes the Rev. George H. Toop, "is probably nearer to a deep sundering split than ever before in its history." This "split," deep and sundering, is threatened by the existence "under one roof," of the Protestant and "Catholic" parties.

Dr. Toop declares, writes the *New York Times*, that it really does not seem possible for the church to go on as one body, witnessing to and teaching things opposite to each other in practically every particular.

Why is it not possible? What has been done, and is now being done, can be done again. Dr. Toop's fears are groundless; he does not know the "possibilities" of Anglicanism and its allied factions. Some day a "com-

promise" will be reached, a few disillusioned individuals will leave for other folds, and the Protestant Episcopal Church will continue its interesting career of "witnessing to and teaching things opposite to each other in practically every particular."

Our "Modernist" Pope

ANOTHER story about the Holy Father has been sent on its rounds through the daily press. The Pope and his doings, especially if they can be distorted unfavorably or sensationally, always make good "copy." The public has been regaled of late with all sorts of statements about the Supreme Pontiff's attitude toward the war. He has been made to sympathize with each of the contending nations, and has been described as actively working now for the Central Powers and now for the Allies. It matters little that there has been no foundation for such reports. The Holy Father is regarded as the legitimate prey of the newspapers, and they have not failed to avail themselves of their privilege. The last of these stories, however, has an air of novelty, for the Pope has introduced something, we are told, absolutely new in the Church; he has become a Modernist.

The reason for this charge is nothing more or less than an order from the Vatican that at Mass on Sundays, the Gospel should be read in the vernacular after it has been read in Latin; and this is heralded as a departure from time-honored custom, and an immense concession to the spirit of modernity. The assurance with which non-Catholics take it on themselves to dogmatize about the Church without troubling to consult a single authoritative source of information is an ever-recurrent wonder. The fact of the matter is, that the "innovation" attributed to Pope Benedict, has been the practice of the Church in English-speaking countries, and other countries as well, for no one knows how long.

One of the canons of Ælfric, who died about 1020, is as follows: "The Mass-priest shall on Sundays and Mass-days tell the people the sense of the Gospel in English." Perhaps this was done, as in some places in Ireland today, by translating directly from the Missal. There are millions of Catholics in the United States who have never attended a Sunday Mass in which the Gospel was not read in English. In many churches, especially in New England, it is customary to read the Gospel in two languages besides the Latin. Nor is it at all unlikely that the very compositor who set up the news about the Pope's becoming a Modernist, went around the corner to the printers' early Mass and listened, as he had done for years, to the reading of the Gospel in the vernacular. Almost any Catholic could have told the editor that on the very Sunday his tidbit of news was published, the Gospel would be read in countless tongues during the Mass, that the Mass itself, and not merely the Gospel, would be read in at least twelve different languages in various parts of the world, and that in

New York City alone, the Gospel would be read, to give only a few instances, in English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Bohemian and Polish. Moreover, even if the Pope's order modified an existing practice among us, which is not the case, it would not be something new, but a reversion to an ancient custom, for in the first ages of the Church, the vernacular was the language of the liturgy.

LITERATURE

The Best Sort of Books for Children

AS sanely might you dissertate on the best sort of spectacles for men, the best size in gloves for women. One man's sight is not as another's, and some women have big hands. Children also are human beings, individual, distinct. It is our not seeing this that is the core and heart of that cruel disorder, that muddled maze, called education. You talk of the best education for children, the best sort of story for children, as you might of the best sort of polish for stoves, the best nourishment for mice. Stoves are all alike; they vary in ugliness, of course, but the iron-stoveness of one is as the iron-stoveness of the other, and the polish that is good for one is good for all. Mice may, and do, vary in size and color; their mousehood does not vary, nor their taste for cheese. Whereas it is only in the superficial thing, their little years, that all children are alike. In the inner nature, in the soul and self of it, each child is different from the other child, and the education which treats children as a class and not as individual human beings is the education whose failure is bringing our civilization upon our ears even as we speak.

Each child is an explorer in a new and wonderful country: alert, sensitive, intent on its own special needs and curiosities. So we put up iron railings to keep the explorers to our own sordidly asphalted paths. The little wild live creatures would seek their meal from God. Therefore we round them into herds, pen them into folds, and feed them with artificial foods, flat drab oil-cakes, all alike, not considering that for some brown nuts and cherries, and for some the clean green grass may be the bread of life. Or, if you take the mind of a child to be as a garden, wherein flowers grow that may be trained to beauty, you bring along the steam-roller and crush everything out to a flat field where you may grow cabbages. And, not content to allot the school-books without trying at all to distinguish between child and child, you choose the children's story-books for them, and decide that such and such books are "good for" children, and restrict the child's choice by yours.

Let the child himself choose the books that are "good for" him. My son shall be free of choice. He shall have a big library to taste and try in, and in that library there shall be no such shame as a locked bookcase, for all the books therein shall be good. He shall take down and reject a hundred books, and fall to greedily on the hundred and first. There shall he find the great books that older human beings love, and perhaps he will love some of them. At any rate the immortals shall not be strangers to him because he is a child. There shall be a shelf of "children's books," and I must choose these that he in turn may choose from them. They will be the books that I loved when I was a child, and love still. I know no other way of choosing. He will borrow from other boys the books their parents have chosen. I hope that he will like my choice better than theirs, but if he does not I shall not be surprised. But, you say, the books I choose for the filling of that shelf will give the measure of my thought of what books are "best for children." Ah, no, only the measure of that which was beloved

by the child I knew best, and, by the grace of unforgotten and imperishable things, still known.

And here I turn from the bookshelf to throw a gauntlet at the feet of mine ancient enemy, the unobservant, who pretends that by "observing" children he can understand them. My good enemy, the only child that you will ever understand is the child you were, and still should be, if you desire to write anything that a child will care to read. That one thing at least we can demand in any book that claims to be "good for" children. Reams of worthless rubbish, written every year, go forth in red and blue and gold, to vex and disappoint a thousand readers, and the writers of that rubbish do not know what is the matter with them. The matter is quite simply this: they have forgotten what it feels like to be a child, any sort of child. Children are all different, but there is a common measure among them, their childhood, as among men their manhood. A good novel for men could not come from one who had forgotten what it felt to be a man; poetry cannot be true poetry if its author has forgotten beauty and sorrow, and how it feels to be young and a lover. You may go "observing" children all your days, and no live child will ever be born to your pen, of which any other child of flesh and blood, reading, shall ask in wonder, "How *did* you know?" You must remember how it feels to be not so very much higher than the table, how it feels not to be so clever as you are now, and so much more interested in so many more things. You must not have forgotten the days when right and wrong were as different as mud and milk, when you knew that it was really wrong to be naughty and really good to be good. A whole world full of novel, joyous and delightful objects, that also you must remember, remember so deeply and so truly as to take your place once more in that world, seeing it with the clear honest eyes that were once yours in those days when you had never read a newspaper and never deceived a friend. You will be able to see again, and again to worship certain ideals once unclouded and radiant; ideals which now the dust of life and the smears of "getting on" have dimmed and distorted; quite simple ideals, love, faith, unselfishness, honor, courage, truth. You will not find it wise to insist on the ideals, you need not splash your narrative with dabs of raw morality, if you do your readers will abhor you and all your works. But your *sous-entendus* must be right. All the things you take for granted must be great and right and beautiful things. And, of course, they will be if you are the sort of person who ought to be allowed to write for children at all. Trust is better than precept. To take it for granted that people will not do shabby things is always a safer way than to assume that they will do them, and then to say "Don't!" But, of course, anybody who writes anything worthy of a child's reading has found out all this for himself.

There is neither time nor space for me to set down the names of all the volumes on that shelf in the library where my son shall have his way among many books. There will be Mrs. Ewing's books, of course, and Seton Thompson, and the two good Lewis Carroll's, and "Sylvie and Bruno" with large slices left out. "Robinson Crusoe," because the author of that dull classic had one great moment of illumination, and in it wrote down all the things his hero brought from the ship. The "Swiss Family Robinson," which elaborates the happy Crusoe theme, "the Jungle Books" and the "Just So Stories," Miss Alcott's "Little Women" and "Little Men," because I love her and them. "The Wide, Wide World," immortal in spite of its dreary priggishness, because in it, so humanly, pincushions are made, ponies ridden, and the stockings of Ellen dyed an unpleasing slate-color in defiance of her wishes. There are some lambswool stockings, by the way, in the "Ministering Children," which almost reconcile me to that cheerless work. Hesba Stretton shall be there, and Hans Andersen, but not Grimm. Grimm's tales never amused me, they made me frightened and angry.

If my son wants to read them he must borrow them from a schoolmate. And if he wants Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill," he will have to borrow that too. But no sentiment of false modesty shall keep me from putting my books on that shelf, the whole lot of them. Perhaps my son will like some of these.

E. NESBIT.

REVIEWS

The Catholic Library. Dogmatic Series. By the Rev. RODERIC MACEachen. Five Volumes. Wheeling, W. Va.: The Catholic Book Co. \$2.00.

These are the first of a series of fifty volumes to be known as "The Catholic Library," consisting of small handbooks treating of the doctrines of the Church in a brief yet comprehensive manner. Every point of explicit Catholic teaching is reviewed within the thousand pages which make up the five books of this series, and a full index of sixty-one pages renders the work's contents easily accessible. The aim of "The Catholic Library," as expressed by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons in the short introduction, is to meet a "desire which many staunch Catholics have long felt" for a work on Catholic teaching "written especially for laymen." This field has not been overworked, for our many excellent catechisms hardly meet the needs of those who are eager not only to explain but also to defend their religious beliefs and to make use of the arguments which Revelation supplies. On the other hand text-books of Catholic theology are too technical and exhaustive to satisfy the requirements of the busy layman.

The author has been happy in his efforts to meet this need. The manner of exposition and the method of argumentation can be summed up in the words, simplicity and directness. In fact the striving for these virtues has evidently led to whatever is wanting to the perfection of the work. Because of it the style sometimes becomes monotonously abrupt. In aiming at brevity, an expression is used or a statement made that because of its universality is confusing. For example, in the chapter on the immortality of the soul, the accuracy of the expression, "a positive act of annihilation" could well be questioned. However such blemishes are quite rare when the nature and length of the work are considered. On the other hand there are many excellent illustrations to point an argument: for instance, the one dealing with the proof for the existence of God from the order and design of the universe. The subject of priestly vocation is developed with a sympathy and understanding that make the chapter one of special interest; other chapters which might be mentioned are those treating of Matrimony as a Sacrament, the Real Presence, and salvation in the Church alone. In all the subjects there is found, as a rule, a clear statement of the Church's teaching, followed by the best Scriptural and Patristic arguments that support it. The books are clearly printed, but the binding is unsatisfactory.

J. A. M.

A Short History of Belgium. By LÉON VAN DER ESSEN, Professor of History in the University of Louvain. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$1.00.

Time brings many changes. Not the least marvelous is the attitude of interest and sympathy now assumed by American periodicals of all descriptions toward the plucky little kingdom on the Scheldt. Yet but a few years ago these same journals rang with bitterest denunciations of Belgian "frightfulness" in Equatorial Africa. "Congo Atrocities" were on everyone's tongue, and no voice raised in Belgium's defense could gain a hearing. The Belgian Consul-General of that day publicly deplored the fact that though he had sent the completest vindication of his country and her Congo policy to one after another of the great New York dailies that were whipping the country into a fury of indignation over the calumnious charges, not one of them

would give him a line of space. The campaign against Belgium having no solid basis of fact to rest upon, eventually died down, and America apparently knew Belgium no more, until the exigencies of another campaign has again made the gallant little nation the observed of all observers.

Not only Belgium, but the true Belgium, now receives the tardy but well-merited meed of praise. The Belgium of the *Indépendance Belge*, of the "free" University of Brussels, of Frère Orban, of Van der Velde, and the Socialists: this Belgium is not mentioned now. It is the Belgium of Catholic Social action, of Cardinal Mercier, of the Catholic University of Louvain, the Belgium of glorious Catholic achievement, that has at last come into her own in American minds and hearts. Finally Belgium is getting a hearing in a land that has hitherto looked at her through prejudiced eyes. Belgian scholars have been welcomed in America and England. The great University of Chicago opened wide its doors to Dr. Van der Essen, the exiled professor of Louvain, and the course of lectures he gave there on the history of his native land forms the substance of this little book. In a clear but unpretentious style the author, in the space of 167 pages, unfolds the various events, religious, political, social, and dynastic, that from the time of Cæsar to our own have shaped the character and destinies of the disparate races, Celtic and Teutonic, that inhabit the land near the mouths of the Scheldt and Meuse and make up in modern Belgium a people that though still divided by difference of tongue and vital characteristics, presents to the world the most astonishing unanimity of national sentiment. As the book is most interesting and the work of a scholar of high rank, the reader's only regret will be that the work is so brief. As most Americans get what little knowledge they have of Belgium's past from the prejudiced pages of Motley, etc., in Dr. Van der Essen's work they have their first chance to hear a learned and unbiased account of his country's history.

J. F. X. M.

The Crimes of England. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. New York: John Lane Co. \$1.00.

The Heel of War. By GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.00.

Sublimated neutrals can read both these books with equanimity but all the "pros" should use one volume as a corrective for the other. Mr. Chesterton undertakes to prove that for all of England's misfortunes, blunders, and political crimes, from the time she smiled on Lutheranism till the day she ceded Heligoland, Germany is to blame. For instance, it was owing to Great Britain's acquiescence that the partitions of Poland took place, and that France lost two provinces in 1870. It was because of English "Prussianism," avers Mr. Chesterton, that the American Colonies were lost, and that Ireland was so cruelly treated in '98 and during the Great Famine. Here is the way he describes the misgovernment of Ireland:

Order was restored; and wherever order spread, there spread an anarchy more awful than the sun has ever looked on. . . . In its bodily aspects it became like a war of devils upon angels; as if England could produce nothing but torturers and Ireland nothing but martyrs. . . . I think our whole history in Ireland has been a vulgar and ignorant hatred of the crucifix, expressed by a crucifixion.

There are other excellent passages in the book on the nature and results of the English Reformation and the volume abounds of course in epigrams and paradoxes, but the opening "Words to Prof. Whirlwind" are sadly lacking in Doric restraint.

While journeying last year through France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, Mr. McClellan made a study of the war's effect on those countries and in the present volume he records his impressions. In such cities as München, Dresden, Berlin, and Köln, which he knows "extremely well," the author found conditions "uniformly normal." "If Germany is in want the fact is nowhere observable." The detention camps

he visited were fairly comfortable and well supplied with food. Mr. McClellan was surprised to see Belgium so little changed from what it was five years ago, even Louvain being for the most part "intact." The author observed that in France the Constitution is practically suspended, the government being administered, to a considerable extent, by Ministerial decrees. The Combes law, for example, expelled "the nuns who had done so much, so faithfully and so nobly for France," but when the war began and it was found "that the only trained nurses (the nuns) that France had ever known were forbidden to enter the country," the law was suspended by Ministerial decree. The pages describing how Italy was led into the war are also very interesting and will well repay perusal.

W. D.

Luther Burbank, His Life and Work. By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D. New York: Hearst's International Library Co. \$2.50.

Luther Burbank's remarkable experiments on flowers, fruits, shrubs, vines, and trees, have justly won for him a name both at home and abroad. His work begun at Santa Rosa and Sebastopol, California, stretches over a period of nearly forty years, and has yielded results surprising beyond all expectations. Nor has he been content to allow the intimate and first-hand knowledge he has gained of plant-life and its mysterious development to go unrecorded: twelve volumes embodying an accurate account of his theories and his methods bear ample witness to his literary activity, and, incidentally, to the debt under which he has placed the practical biologist.

The present volume is designed to acquaint the general reader, and especially those who would experiment for themselves on a modest scale, with the principles underlying success in selective breeding, the pollenizing of flowers with a view to the production of new varieties, hybridization, etc. The author has striven to avoid, as far as possible in his exposition, the language of the schools, and has on the whole succeeded in doing so.

Unfortunately, though, Dr. Williams has marred his book by the introduction of several very hazy and decidedly inconclusive chapters on the teachings of eugenics. It is argued that the principles which have been applied with such signal success to the breeding of plants may and should determine the breeding of the "human plant." The laws of logic are disregarded; evolution, as understood by the public, is unwarrantably assumed to be an established fact; theories, or rather hypotheses, on the difficult question of heredity, are set forth with little or no qualification. It would be interesting to know precisely, and not vaguely, whom the author would class as undesirable citizens, unfit to aid in the propagation of the race, and his reasons for such a classification. It would be equally interesting to learn who constitute the "American stock," and what claims, moral as well as intellectual and social, it has to serve as a criterion of what shall best promote the well-being of our people. Much of what is said and reiterated with emphasis in these closing chapters leads one to think that the book has been written with a purpose not directly concerned with Mr. Burbank and his methods in the cultivation of plants.

J. A. C.

Mysterium Arcæ Boulé: Opus Anglice Scripsit BURTON E. STEVENSON. Latine Interpretatus est ARCADIVS AVELLANUS. New York: E. Parmelee Prentice. \$2.50.

A Latin novel! The reviewer rubs his eyes, and reaching for the dusty dictionary with one hand, he turns to AMERICA with the other for the list of "best sellers." However, as the series of that esteemed catalogue of greatness do not date back beyond the last century, there may perhaps be some excuse for *Mysterium* not appearing therein. But as he strips off the ancient disguise, lo and behold it is no other than our old friend, that thrilling detective story, "The Mystery of the Boulé Cabinet," masquerading in the most

classic Latinity! Newspapermen and police inspectors speak tripping Roman, though their harsh names do strike strangely out of the page. Cicero, in spite of that, would undoubtedly enjoy this story, and, besides, he could add to his vocabulary the names of such modern institutions as whiskey and cigarettes, taxi, elevator, and policeman, telephone, "Mister," sitting-room, revolver, café, and switch-board, all solemnly explained and cleverly justified in scholarly Latin footnotes. He would certainly be surprised to know that his language contains the germs of such surprising words, for *Herus* Avellanus never dodges a difficulty by a paraphrase, and each new problem of the vocabulary finds him ready. The result is pure idiom, plus the word-accretions of a language that has remained a living one to but few in modern life. The volume is well printed and proof-read, save for a score or more of errors, nearly all of them between pages 100-200. Perhaps *Herus* Godfrey would deduce from this that more than one corrector had a hand in it. But, for all that, the reader will enjoy the story with its twofold interest, and follow it till he discovers what killed the three men, and what new words Arcadius has in store for us. May many another book meet the worthy fate that has overtaken "The Mystery." Perhaps our legislators could be persuaded to compel all modern authors to pass their stories through Arcadius Avellanus' hands first. The worthy ones could then be translated from the Latin by some competent workman; and the rest—could stay there!

J. W. P.

How the French Boy Learns to Write. By ROLLO W. BROWN. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$1.25.

Everyday Rhetoric. By LORING HOLMES DODD, Ph.D. Worcester, Mass.: The Davis Press. \$1.00.

With the theory that the French method of teaching the vernacular is superior to the American, Mr. Rollo W. Brown, has published in this book the results of his investigations. Pedagogically, there is little new in the volume. Still the average American teacher can learn much from it. For in the native ability to express himself grammatically and artistically, the French boy, no doubt, is in advance of the American boy of equal years. This superiority is increased in the schoolroom. The means are quite simple. From the first years, he is thoroughly drilled in dictation, which we have somewhat discarded, and spelling, which, among us, is deplorably poor. Throughout the course, strong insistence is placed on exercises and composition; precept, which usually wearies the pupil and leaves little trace in his mind, is used only as an aid towards expression. In all other subjects, likewise, the teacher demands the correct use of the vernacular, whether written or oral. In the study of literature, insistence is placed on the style and art, not on erudition about the passage or the author's life. The French programs of study, the preparation and characteristics of the French teacher, and the discussion of those features which could be adopted in America, make interesting and enlightening reading.

"Everyday Rhetoric" is a compendium of information, useful for the college student and the business man. But it contains too much or too little. If intended as a reference book for common errors in speech, there is no place for the isolated chapters on the use of the simile and the principles of description; if for a rhetoric, in the technical sense, the treatment of punctuation, comprising one-fourth of the volume, and the poor choice of misspelled words, is disproportioned. Despite this, the book has many desirable qualities. The precepts are clear, accurate and up-to-date. They are illustrated not by random, made-up examples, but by excerpts from the classical authors. The chapters on "Everyday Errors" and "The Realm of Disputed Usage" are especially praiseworthy.

F. X. T.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Much is said and written nowadays about the tremendous power of the press and about the world-wide influence exerted by the editor of a big daily paper, but regarding that highly important subject "The Ethics of Journalism" we hear or read far too little that is sound and safe. In the current number of the *Catholic Mind*, however, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, sometime editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, clearly lays down the principles that should guide the newspaperman who also aims to be a consistent Christian. In Father Blakely's "Defense of the Teacher" down-trodden school-ma'ams will find comfort and encouragement, and the concluding paper of the issue tells why we Catholics should object to those outside the Church calling us *Roman* Catholics.

The Field Afar for February is a particularly bright and readable number. The little monthly which lately observed its ninth birthday is eager to celebrate its tenth festival on January 1, 1917, by being able "to swear—that we have 50,000 subscribers." "God is giving a mission to poor old Europe," well remarks an Italian priest who writes to Maryknoll from the front, and a French missionary who returned from India to fight for France tells this entertaining story:

I was in an Indian village two years ago, near a forest, when a native woman, a recent convert, came and asked if I would say the prayers for the dead over the body of a tiger which had just been killed. I was dumbfounded and started to explain, when she added: "My husband has been in the tiger since this morning."

The Fathers of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America have now "sold" at the moderate price of one cent a foot, 2,342,171 feet of their Maryknoll property. But there still remains 2,107,829 feet that can be "purchased" for the cause at the same reasonable rate.

Reginald Grafton, a Boston Brahmin, is the man on "Probation," (Herder, \$1.00) in Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer's new novel. Divorced from his faithless wife, he pays his addresses to La Bardi, an Italian diva who has a wicked spouse of her own. But she corrects Reginald's loose ideas on marriage, keeps his friendship, and at the book's end, all obstacles removed, the expected happens. In the course of the story, which is quite melodramatic at times, the American tourist who "does" Europe is satirized, just strictures are passed on the pagan tendencies of today's sociology, and on the practices of our "best society," and sound Catholic principles of conduct are driven home.

"Socrates, Master of Life" (Open Court Pub. Co., \$1.00), by William Ellory Leonard, is a well-written appreciation of one of the world's famous characters. The author, as becomes "a poet and a professor of literature," is enthusiastic in his admiration for his subject. He describes vividly the Athens of Socrates' time and the philosopher's early life of preparation for his mission. The book is meant to be an answer to the question: "What did this man stand for?" The response, though full of thought, lacks definiteness, but a far more serious objection to the volume is the fact that the author continually compares his hero with Our Divine Lord and always to the latter's disadvantage. That is not "scholarship": it is blasphemy.

The second volume of "Researches into Chinese Superstitions" (T'uswei Printing Press, Shanghai, \$3.00) by Henry Dore, S.J., which M. Kenelly, S.J., has translated from the French, describes a large number of the charms and spells the Chinese use to protect themselves against the countless ills that *Kwei*, spirits who are "evil-disposed, malignant, ever

prone to violate the law and disturb the order of the universe," are always busy sending pious Celestials. Many facsimiles in colors are printed of the charms with which the Chinese cure colds, headaches, dyspepsia and many other diseases, and infallible recipes are given for securing a bountiful harvest, a large inheritance, "peace and felicity," and every other blessing. The work must have cost its authors a vast deal of labor.

In "A History of Medieval and Modern Europe, for Secondary Schools," (Houghton, Mifflin, \$1.50) by William Stearns Davis, assisted by Norman Shaw McKendrick, we have a readable and interesting text-book. It contains frequent admissions that are gratifying to a Catholic critic, yet fondly clings in other places to positions long abandoned by scientific historians. There are occasional efforts to clinch statements unpalatable to Catholics, by specific references to Catholic authorities or Catholic admissions, though this may be done to disarm Catholic criticism. Monasticism is fairly dealt with, and in general it may be said that the treatment of the medieval period is relatively better than that of later times. There is the old fling at the "sale" of indulgences, however, and also the "stock discussion" of the Schoolmen anent the number of angels capable of dancing on the point of a needle, etc. In spite of its readableness, the book is a strange compound of modern truth and old-fashioned prejudice and error.

"The Queen's Gift Book in Aid of Queen Mary's Convalescent Auxiliary Hospitals for Soldiers and Sailors Who Have Lost Their Limbs in the War," (Doran, \$1.25) is the complete and comprehensive title of an attractive volume containing twenty-six selections, most of which were written expressly for this book, from the pens of well-known English authors. John Galsworthy's excellent preface is an account of what he saw at the Convalescent Hospital at Roehampton and an appeal to give the maimed the best mechanical substitutes obtainable for shattered limbs; J. M. Barrie's story of "The New Dramatist," is very amusing; E. F. Benson's biography of "Jill's Cat" is in his happiest vein; Hall Caine has some good verses on "Woman," and Joseph Conrad writes of "The Heroic Age" of England's naval history. John Oxenham's fervid description of "Victory Day," ought to prove very diverting to all the Kaiser's friends. Among the dozen bright pictures in color that adorn the volume is one of the Prince of Wales in robes of state, and with his garter on.

A book of present interest is Dr. Schmidlin's "Die christliche Weltmission im Weltkrieg" (Volksvereins-Verlag, M. 1.20), describing in detail the existing conditions of the Christian missions during the European war. It was hardly necessary to call our attention to the vast difficulties overcome by the author in seeking authentic information amid the confusion caused by the mighty struggle whose effects are felt over all the earth. Not only Catholic but likewise Protestant missions are considered in the carefully collated volume, and various interesting documents are added in the appendix. He believes that while the war has caused most fearful havoc in the mission fields, there is likewise a bright side, and he sees the possibility of future good arising from present evils.—"The Life of Dominic Savio" (Herder, \$0.60) is a translation of an original work by the Ven. Dom Bosco. As Dominic died before reaching his fifteenth year, the story of his life bears a special message to Catholic boys. It is an interesting fact that his childhood anticipated the reforms of the "Pope of the Eucharist," inasmuch as this extraordinary boy made his First Communion at the age of seven, and continued to be a daily communicant till his death.

A teacher of English literature who writes to the *Nation* about "the bombardment of unfortified brains," confesses that he numbers among his "purest joys" such answers as the following:

Chaucer, I learn, "lived in the age of Chaucer." "Cædmon lived about the same time as Chaucer and wrote an early English language. He was a singer and tended toward religion." "Spenser made a translation of the *Æneid* (sic) in which he tells about Helen of Greece who became the wife of Pallas." "Spenser wrote in rhyme but leaned back on the ancients." "Bacon wrote his *Vox Clamantis* and *Speculum Meditantis* on different forms of scientific discovery." "Keats wrote a number of sonnets, both long and short." "Burns comes at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He was an accident." And what could be more fundamentally illuminating than the following identification and comment?

E'en there before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears and cut the sylph in twain.

"This passage is from Milton's 'Lycidas,' which shows the regret and grief Milton feels for the loss of his friend who was drowned. The fatal engine may refer to the two factions in the House of Parliament, although the critics themselves are not certain. The sylph refers to the thread of life. According to the Classics there are three threads, one which ushers men into the world, one of life, and the other of death. Fate is here personified and cuts the thread of life. He was drowned in the Irish channel." Verily, there are things in this life too precious to be bombarded! Oscar Wilde says somewhere that ignorance is like an exotic plant: "Touch it and the bloom is gone."

Almost any experienced teacher who has taken the trouble to preserve the ridiculous answers given by the goslings of a history or English literature class in our high schools or academies could easily produce, no doubt, a list of blunders quite as entertaining as the above.

Acting, perhaps, on Charles Lamb's renowned observation that saying grace before opening a favorite author is quite as praiseworthy a practice as is that of asking a blessing on the body's food, Helen Coale Crew sent the *Outlook* the following "Grace Before Reading":

Myriad-leaved as an elm;
Starred with shining word and phrase;
Wondrous words that overwhelm,
Phrases vivid, swift, divine;
Gracious turn of verse and line—
O God, all praise
For a book; its tears, its wit,
Its faults, and the perfect joy of it!
Oh, to dip
Headlong in! Cleaving down
Through lucent depths of verb and noun
To the rare thought that lies
Embedded; and arise
Pearl-laden toward the skies,
Blowing bright foam of adjectives about one's lip!

*Sappho—burning heart of her;
Sweet Saint Francis, star-besprent;
Young Kit Marlowe, sped and spent;
Montaigne, royal gossip;
Brave Münchhausen, dauntless liar;
Lamb's dear whimsey; Shelley's flight;
Hot Catullus all afire;
Shakespeare, chiefest heart's delight!*

O God, all praise!
That in brief, swift days
Thou mad'st the world's green gardens, and forsook
Thy labor, leaving man and time to make the book!

An appropriate thanksgiving after reading would be to copy into a commonplace-book—so-called, of course, because the quotations it contains are considered by the owner anything but commonplace—whatever passages in the "favorite author" were thought to be particularly beautiful, true, striking or well-expressed. A good book is thus forced to yield a rich harvest which, if stored away, can be enjoyed by the reader years after.

EDUCATION

A Pioneer in Pedagogy

IF, as Professor Ernest Carroll Moore correctly says, the educator's "occupation assumes a guardianship over the generations which affects all that they do," it is evident that the educator should be equipped by nature, training, and experience with the endowments requisite for his calling. The history of pedagogy, however, registers the name of one man at least who has cast something of a spell over educational methods, yet lacked some of the fundamental qualities of the trainer of men. By his "Émile," Jean-Jacques Rousseau still influences thousands. But his false views of human nature, his ill-digested knowledge, his temperamental restlessness, his passions and the lack of coordination between his powers, some of them undoubtedly great, scarcely made him a safe guide.

A WELL-EQUIPPED LEADER

The opposite is true of François de Salignac de la Mothe-Fénelon, the great Archbishop of Cambrai. Fénelon's rank in French letters is secure. But while generations of students have thumbed the first pages at least of his "Télémaque," Catholics may have overlooked the fact that by his masterpiece, "De l'Éducation des Filles," he is one of the pioneers of French and modern pedagogy, that his outlook though limited is ahead of his time, and that his work tested by valid present-day standards is sound and constructive. If amid its exaggerated sentimentalism and dangerous principles, the "Émile" contains a few correct pedagogical axioms, we find their germ in Fénelon's treatise on "The Education of Girls."

It is unnecessary to give an account of Fénelon's life and literary labors, or of the theological controversies in which he so nobly submitted to the decision of the Holy See, or of his apostolic zeal and toil in his Archdiocese of Cambrai. Let us recall that he was born in 1651 and died in 1715. The second centenary of his death has just closed, but owing to the war, without the solemnity which his greatness and his goodness deserved. Fénelon was a genuine educator and teacher. Soundly and delicately trained himself in the ancestral castle in Périgord and later at the Collège du Plessis and Saint-Sulpice, he was appointed a few years after his ordination Superior of the "Nouvelles Catholiques," an institution founded for the instruction of ladies recently converted from Calvinism.

Fénelon had the dramatic instinct of the educator, an almost instinctive knowledge of the difficulties of others. Nature had given him a father's heart, a delicate and tender soul. He had a poet's imagination, the refinement of aristocratic birth, the simplicity of the true priest. His erudition was varied, and his judgment sound. And over and above these qualities, he loved childhood, knew its ways, its defects, its alluring charm, and realized that, under a skilled hand, it could be led to the noblest ideals and virtues.

HIS THESIS

When in 1681 the Duke and Duchess de Beauvilliers, who besides a few sons had eight daughters to educate, asked the young priest for his advice on the subject, Fénelon wrote his little classic for their private use and published it a few years later. There are more complete and systematic works, but few which have grasped so thoroughly, and so clearly exposed the principles of education in general, and of that in particular whose purpose is to educate the women and the mothers of the future. The central thesis can be stated thus: "The dignity of woman requires that she be prepared and strengthened for her own special duties and for all those which lie at the foundations of life." Keenly criticizing in the initial chapters the unsound and incomplete education given to the women of his day, Fénelon

lays down in the next chapters the basic principles common to the training of both sexes; then studies the qualities and defects of the gentler sex, and briefly outlines a program of studies for its use. The book is clear, simple, logical and everywhere pervaded with that unction so distinctive of "the Swan of Cambrai."

When the young women of our times are so generally following, often in the same halls, the identical lessons in science, literature, and art, as their future husbands, and like them receiving their master's and their doctor's diploma, modern educators will find that in the curriculum he has laid down, the good Abbé has mapped out too narrow a field. Fénelon had heard enough of the pedantry and literary display of the women of his age, so justly ridiculed by Molière. And so in womanhood he would wish to see "a certain modesty and reserve in knowledge and science, as delicate almost as that which is inspired by the horror of vice."

PROGRAM OF STUDIES

He would have the maids of France taught to read and write and speak correctly. They are not to be puzzled with the rules of formal grammar; good models will teach them better. Locke a few years later, laid down the same principle. They are to be taught "the four rules of arithmetic" and instructed in the fundamentals of law; they must know enough of contracts, deeds, wills, sales, movable chattels and real estate to govern their households wisely. They should be taught Greek and Roman history, that of France and the neighboring countries. Poetry, eloquence, and the reading of profane authors is allowed, but only such as will not endanger their morals. Latin should be taught to those only who show more than ordinary strength and solidity of judgment. Spanish and Italian are frowned upon; they are light and frivolous. Music, too, comes perilously near to the Fénelonian "Index." It must be remembered that the langorous and Lydian airs of the Quinault-Lully school could scarcely recommend themselves to a stern moralist.

The program is a little restricted. But it grasps the fundamentals, it is practical, and far ahead of its age. Writing more than seventy years later, Rousseau did not concede as much.

PRINCIPLES AND METHODS

In the more general principles and the practical methods laid down Fénelon is sane and conservative. Like Pestalozzi he realized the all-absorbing influence of the mother and of home. The mother, he knew, was the best educator, and it is to the credit of his heart and his keen pedagogical instinct that he so forcibly insists that she is to be trained as a specialist for her high calling. This explains, and in some measure justifies, the somewhat narrow program laid down for her. Years before Froebel, and though probably he had not read the "Orbis Pictus" of Comenius, our author insisted on the value of the "object-lesson." "If in the country," he writes, "the children see a wind-mill and they want to know what it is, you must show them how the food that nourishes man is prepared. Further on, they descry reapers at harvest; you must explain what they are doing, how the corn is sown and how it is grown in the earth." Like Froebel too, he believed in transforming play into work. Misled by his idealism and his generous heart, Fénelon exaggerated the principle. In theory at least, like the school of Montessori, he would not "cross the child," but no teacher ever lived up to that theory, not even Fénelon. When tutor to the Duc de Bourgogne, grandson of Louis XIV, his royal pupil could find him on occasion a stern master. It is a matter of history how the wayward and passionate boy was transformed by the gentle priest and adorned with all the virtues which unfortunately his untimely death did not allow him to display for the welfare and support of a tottering throne.

INDIRECT AND PICTORIAL TEACHING

Fénelon was opposed to a rigid formalism and "didacticism." He would not have the memory overloaded with barren facts. He taught by allegory, fable, dialogue. The "Fables" and "Dialogues" which he composed for his princely pupil, while models of elegance, wit, and grace, are a compendium of the duties of a Christian and a King. Pictures, globes, charts, prints, were some of the devices he advocated and used. And knowing that religion is the central point in education toward which everything must converge, he insisted that its grandeur and glories, the beauty of Christ, and of the Church should be "painted" to the eye, the imagination, the heart. The book contains no more beautiful and soundly pedagogical passages than those in which it inculcates this truth.

Fénelon's treatise is a little old-fashioned, and in accessories incomplete. But it emphasizes elementary truths, which modern educators have often forgotten. From the lips of the most persuasive of French writers these familiar truths gain an added grace and charm.

JOHN C. REVILLE, S.J.

SOCIOLOGY

Free Speech and Revolt

THE earliest advocate of the free and unlimited utterance of speech of whom I have any knowledge is Thersites. When the "common sort" sat down on the benches, Homer tells us, "Thersites still chattered on, the uncontrolled of speech, whose mind was full of words many and disorderly, wherewith to strive against the chiefs idly and in no good order." As there was no troublesome Constitution in those days, the goodly Odysseus once undertook to put an end to the pother, by mauling the orator with his staff. Those who, with Henry Watterson, subscribe to the doctrine, that every American has an inalienable right to make a perpetual jack-ass of himself, will grieve to note that public opinion sided with the goodly Odysseus, in his effective if drastic action. "Go to!" said the folk, as they watched the brawler wipe away a round tear. "Go to, of a truth this Odysseus hath wrought good deeds without number . . . but now is this thing the best by far that he hath wrought among the Argives, to wit, that he hath stayed this prating railer from his harangues."

THE PATERSON CASE

The next reel of this film takes us to Paterson, New Jersey. The lyric leap is not as broad as might at first appear, because, like the wide-wayed city of Troy, Paterson has witnessed many scenes of war. Paterson, it should be remembered, is that spot in New Jersey where the silk mills are, with many operatives who will never be required to fill out a form for the income-tax collector. The need of a human element in our setting is met by introducing a mayor, an I. W. W. lady-agitator, very like Thersites, and a chief of police, one John A. Bimson, who, on several occasions, has recalled the goodly Odysseus and his chastening staff.

Now for the action. In the early months of 1913, the mill-owners of Paterson found themselves facing a strike. When the trouble was at its height, a party of I. W. W. "lecturers" announced that they were about to invade New Jersey, specifically Paterson, to rid that community of "the incubus of capitalism." The critical time called for cool heads and calm judgment, and as it was feared that the I. W. W. could furnish neither, an effort was made to bottle up their frothing oratory. The effort failed. A crowd of professional trouble-makers, whose motives were not wholly dissociated from financial considerations, were allowed to harangue the

excited crowds. "The result," writes a Paterson editor, "was a strike of twenty-two weeks, that cost the city millions in money, and brought about a season of misery that will never be forgotten." When the strike "was patched up," the trouble-makers departed, not lighter in pocket, for other uneasy labor centers. It need not be said that they did nothing whatever to bring about a better understanding between the owners and the workers. That is not their purpose. Their task is to foster "the divine discontent without which no wrong is righted." In this they succeeded so well that, before two years had elapsed, the old enmity broke out afresh, and for a time promised a conflict even more bitter than that which had taken place in 1913.

I. W. W. HUMOR

Again the I. W. W. appeared on the scene, the chief "agitator" being a kind of Thersites, "railing idly and in no good order," transposed to the feminine key. But the authorities had learned their lesson, and the Mayor decided to take no risks. He believed that this woman had been responsible, at least in part, for the disasters of 1913, and from her own statements and manner of life, he was perfectly acquainted with the argument she intended to present. Its burden was an appeal to violence. The Mayor therefore ordered that she was not to be permitted to speak in Paterson. When the lady chose to disregard the order, she was confronted by the Chief of Police, who told her plainly that Paterson had no welcome for her or her crew of agitators.

Why do you come here to disturb the peace of our city? The citizens and the tax-payers don't want you. We want no repetition of the strike of two years ago. You've been put out of Bayonne, and we intend to keep you out of Paterson. Your presence here will not be tolerated, for you and your associates are what are commonly termed undesirable citizens. Now either leave the city or be locked up.

After this speech, which is about as plain as the address of Odysseus to Thersites, the lady chose to elect the 8:18 Erie Accommodation to New York. But before leaving she delivered an appeal which would have struck Patrick Henry dumb with envy, and which must have excited some doubts of the lady's loyalty in the hearts of her associates. "My rights under the Constitution of the United States," she protested, "permit me to speak wherever I like. This right has been brutally violated." There is a world of humor in this protest.

THE LEARNED EDITOR

Yet after perusing various learned editorials and reviews, touching the Paterson method of suppressing public incitements to violence, the reader might conclude, as many doubtless have concluded, that Mr. Bimson is in reality a chief keeper of the bow-string, and that politically New Jersey has never emerged from the first week of the Stone Age. "President Wilson knows these things," thrills the *New York Globe*, "Governor Fielder knows them, John W. Griggs, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, knows them." One wonders why the *Globe* did not add that the three tailors of Tooley Street are also in possession of full information on the matter. "Has Paterson seceded from the United States?" gravely asks a New York weekly whose editor would be the first to invoke the intervention of the police, did the lady-agitator incite a mob to wreck his innocent printing-presses. It is a fact worthy of note, that no anarchist, social or political, brought to book in New York, or anywhere else, for that matter, has ever spoken except with the deepest respect of that legal instrument which, when at liberty, they habitually attack, the Constitution of the United States. Like patriotism, it is their last refuge.

MY RIGHT AND YOURS

It would be waste of time to recall the First Amendment, further than to remark that, like "personal liberty," it is constantly invoked, even by some public officers, to shield lawlessness. Freedom of speech and of the press is a fact and a right in this country, and it would be a sad day for our republican institutions were the reasonable restrictions, imposed by the very nature of constitutional government, and recognized both in law and common sense, to be narrowed into a governmental despotism. Certainly, Congress can make no law "abridging" this two-fold liberty; but on the other hand, when necessary for public welfare, both may be suspended. The highest authority on the Constitution, the Supreme Court, has declared more than once, that a right ceases to be a right when employed for an immoral or unlawful purpose, and various State courts have held, what is a mere dictum of common sense, that the rights of an individual may not be suffered to destroy or interfere with the rights of the community. My undoubted constitutional liberty is limited, not only by the equally undoubted liberty of others, but by many circumstances of time, place and manner. "Every man," wrote the Supreme Court of Georgia, "has the right to sleep and eat (if he has the edibles), but he has no constitutional right to make his bed or set his table on the street." I may conscientiously believe that the only manner in which a group of strikers, for instance, can obtain justice, is by destroying the owner's property, or by rioting in the public streets, "to make the capitalists," as I recently heard an agitator say, "see that we mean business." But despite my right of free speech, I may not urge my belief from the top of a soap-box at a public corner, nor may I urge it at all if the community, through its lawful representatives, decides that my action would provoke lawlessness.

A CHARACTERISTIC RESULT

Free speech is in no danger of undue restriction in this country. The real peril lies in giving it too wide a latitude. Some weeks ago the country was horrified to learn of a plot to poison the guests at a banquet given in honor of His Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago. The following details about the criminal and his work, taken from various issues of a Chicago newspaper, throw some light on the menace of certain gatherings, allowed in Chicago and in every large American city:

From my investigations, said Captain Collins, I learned that the man we are after, was a follower of Emma Goldman and the I. W. W. The books and papers in his room deal principally with anarchy. There were volumes by Emma Goldman and a number of I. W. W. publications.

First Deputy Police Commissioner Schuettler said that the man frequented street corners in the vicinity of the Chicago avenue station when soap-box anarchists held meetings. It is also believed that he took part in the free thought and revolutionary meetings which gather every Sunday at 20 West Randolph Street.

It looks to me, said Hinton G. Clabaugh, of the Government Service, like an anarchistic plot.

Just at present our "advanced" newspapers, magazines, stump-speakers, and sociologists, not to forget the vast army of "sob sisters," are lost in admiration of Thersites, "railing idly and in no good order." Perhaps some day we shall discover that "our complex civilization," by its very complexity, stands in great need of a goodly Odysseus with a goodly staff of correction, if the true right of free speech and a free press is to be maintained in a form consonant with stable government.

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

NOTE AND COMMENT

From time to time reference has been made in AMERICA to the generosity displayed by Protestants towards their foreign missions. It is now possible to quote in exact figures the grand total of the contributions received during the past year by the 198 Protestant foreign mission organizations incessantly active in the United States and Canada. As officially announced at the Conference of the Foreign Mission Board recently held at Garden City, Long Island, it amounted to no less than \$18,793,900 for 1915, or \$1,625,379 more than was received during the preceding year. To this sum must still be added another \$594,260 expended by home mission organizations for work in Mexico, Central America, the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico, Alaska and Hawaii. It is needless to indicate what this money represents when practically expressed in terms of men, schools and churches throughout the mission fields of the world. To the distress of our Catholic foreign missionaries is added therefore the strain of competition with a mission force, often exceedingly hostile, and most munificently endowed, together with the difficulties arising from the impression created by its consequent prestige in the minds of the native population. There is in these facts no reason for discouragement, but great reason indeed for contributing our necessary alms as well as offering up our apostolic prayers toward the support of our own impoverished and heroic mission workers.

That more Catholics than Protestants read church papers is the conclusion arrived at by an investigation into the circulation of denominational papers made by members of the Disciples Church and reported in their organ, the *Christian Century*. We quote the statistics without vouching for their accuracy. In the territory of the Northern Baptist Convention, corresponding approximately to the North of our country, the investigators discovered sixty-nine Catholic weekly papers with a combined circulation of 944,462. In the same territory there are twelve Baptist papers with a circulation of 75,569, four Congregational papers with 38,500 subscribers, four Disciple papers with 59,750 subscribers, five Presbyterian papers with 92,607 subscribers, and seventeen Methodist papers with 350,553 subscribers. In the South the investigation found there are fourteen Catholic papers with a total circulation of 137,898; four Baptist organs numbered 185,087 subscribers; seven Disciple papers, 65,750; five Presbyterian, 55,241, and eighteen Methodist papers, 180,529. There was no Congregational organ. The combined circulation, therefore, of the journals representing these leading Protestant denominations, throughout the whole country, is 1,103,586, while Catholic papers are given a combined circulation of 1,082,360.

"For God and America!" is the watchword of the League of Prayer for the Conversion of America and the Salvation of Souls. The League was established in 1910, with but little publicity, and already numbers over 100,000 members. It is now calling upon Catholics to swell its numbers to a full million. Its armament is the spiritual weapon of prayer, by which it would take our country by storm and win it for Christ. The two conditions are the sending on of our names to Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunt's Point, New York; and the offering up of our prayers and good works on the First Thursday of each month for the salvation of souls and the conversion of America. The latter condition is fulfilled by the recitation of the indulgenced League prayer as a morning offering on this day. The League received the blessing of Pope Pius X. Cardinal Farley has granted it permission to have the First Thursday of every month kept as a day of Exposition of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the Dominican Home for Working Girls in New York City. Since the prayers of the little ones are mighty with God, their names too are asked to be sent on for enrolment in the

League. It is to be presumed that many who join this League will frequently remember its apostolic intention in their other prayers during the course of the month.

At the recent convention of the German Orthopedic Society Dr. Ferdinand Sauerbruch, of Zurich University, exhibited to the delegates an artificial hand which is said to be able to grasp objects of all forms and to lift weights of no less than twenty-two pounds. The hand and all the fingers are controlled by muscular action in the upper arm. The muscular power is transmitted to the hand through a system of wires and pulleys. This is but one of the many instances of the vast ingenuity displayed by specialists among the various belligerent nations in rehabilitating the wrecks of humanity made by the war. Well as all this certainly is, we sincerely wish that as much ingenuity were employed by the statesmen to bring about a satisfactory agreement and terms of lasting peace that there might be less use for such sad appliances hereafter, brilliant though their invention doubtless is.

The *Ohio State Journal* reports that "the National Association of Academic Teachers of Public Speaking proposes to abolish gesticulation." The reason advanced for such a step is:

Gesticulation is apt to confuse thought by blending it with emotion. A person who thinks quietly and calmly maintains a quiet and calm condition of body. Reason is never violent. It speaks in a quiet tone. It does not attempt to hammer a thought into another's head. The most impressive orators that ever lived spoke without gesticulation. Mild manners carry conviction more surely than wild demonstration.

The writer forgets that oratory, to be natural, must be the outward expression of the whole man, in whom reason and emotion blend. To abolish gesticulation, which exists for its own sake only, would be a laudable work on the part of the Academy; to wish to limit gesticulation by invariable laws would be to ignore the differences due to temperament and nationality; to seek to eliminate it altogether would be to attempt the impossible, to drive out nature with a pitchfork.

Indiana is this year celebrating her centennial as a State of the Union. In commemoration of the event the *Indianapolis Star* is publishing a section called "The Centennial Story Hour." At the request of the Indiana author, Mr. Booth Tarkington, an article about Saint Mary-of-the-Woods appeared in these columns, accompanied by a letter from him. In it he speaks of his mother's days at "Old St. Mary's" as among the happiest of her life, and mentions two of the Sisterhood as especially dear to her, Sister Cecilia and Sister Basilide:

They must have been women of exquisite manner as well as distinguished education. And they must have possessed unusual charm as well to be so adored throughout the life of their pupil.

Something rare and fine was brought from France to St. Mary-of-the-Woods and none of those who were students there remained unaffected by it. For lack of a better word I must call it distinctive. The visible effect was a manner of simplicity and gentle dignity. The students were well taught; they were really educated; and they were also given what we once spoke of as "accomplishments," for they "learned the harp, the piano and guitar," and acquired a fine accent in French language; but what best distinguished the girls of St. Mary's was that lovely manner they were taught there. And they were taught it so well that it was not a superficial veneer. Indeed, it was rather absorbed than learned, and was something that came from within outward. And, although my mother spoke rarely of this, more often dwelling upon her affection for the Sisters and the beauty of the place itself, the manner of St. Mary-of-the-Woods is what remains most deeply impressed upon me. It always springs to mind whenever I delve for the true meaning of the word "lady."

The letter, entirely unsolicited, is of special interest in as far as the Sisters had never at any time communicated with Mr.

Tarkington. It expresses his idea of that noblest training and truest culture which can best be acquired within the walls of a Catholic convent.

The Leo House for German Catholic Immigrants in the City of New York, 6 State Street, has for more than a quarter of a century provided a harbor of safety for many foreign Catholics landing upon our shores. Inexperienced in our ways and unskilled in the use of our language, these people were seriously exposed to the dangers of the great metropolis. The usefulness of the Leo House, however, has not been restricted to safeguarding the Faith of these newcomers. It has likewise offered protection to travelers leaving the country, extended its hospitality to journeying priests and religious, and has provided a Catholic home for working girls and those seeking employment in domestic service. Directly responsible for the Leo House is the St. Raphael's Society. This organization was established to secure the spiritual and temporal welfare of immigrants and to assist them in their many difficulties. It affords them the necessary counsel and direction, supplies them with the opportunity of satisfying their spiritual obligations and finally recommends them to representatives of the Society in the larger cities. The service it renders is of the utmost importance to the Church in America and may be of even greater urgency after the conclusion of peace in Europe. Unfortunately the war has seriously diminished its receipts which are entirely dependent upon Catholic charity. Disbursements at present far exceed the income. Catholics, therefore, seeking for opportunities of social and religious service will here find a worthy cause for their support. Membership dues in the Society are fifty cents, five dollars entitle to honorary membership. The work is too important to be discontinued or weakened in its efficiency.

The priests of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a city with a large Catholic population, have recently taken a determined stand against indecent and vulgar amusements. The *Catholic Columbian* thus quotes one of their number:

The Catholic conscience must assert itself and demand wholesome entertainment. If any place catering to public patronage offends the proper sensible appreciation of woman and her virtue—of man and his moral duties, shun that place. We Catholics constitute a vast proportion of the population of our fair city and we should not permit anyone to think that we will stand the suggestively impure. Don't be a party to what ruins the pure mind of boy and girl, man or woman.

These remarks have application everywhere. Whether few or many in number, Catholics should be the salt of the earth. Their leadership will find many followers among the better element in all our cities. The *Catholic Columbian* has the following militant suggestion to make:

If now and then these plays or pictures were hissed by a crowd, possibly a lesson would be taught. But too often our Catholic patrons of such places are silent and their indignation amounts to nothing. They swallow the indignity and go back to the same place, perhaps the next day or evening. Now and then some courageous one will quietly leave the place of amusement and perhaps file a few words of protest with the management, only to be laughed at for his pains. If fifty or sixty or one hundred would have the courage to do likewise, possibly they might get results. Suppose our people would start a movement to do this—results would surely follow.

There are many places which Catholics should honor only by their absence. In the early ages of Christianity, as Bourdaloue pointed out to the men of his generation, the distinction between theater-goers and those who refrained from visiting those places of impurity marked the difference between pagan and Christian. The world should be able to apply a similar test to the Catholics of our day by noting their absence from at least every place and amusement of questionable morality.